

DISTRESSED SION RELIEVED,

O R,

The Garment of Praise for the Spirit
of Heaviness.

Wherein are Discovered the Grand Causes of
the Churches Trouble and Misery under the
late Dismal Dispensation.

With a Compleat History of, and Lamentation
for those Renowned Worthies that fell in *England*
by Popish Rage and Cruelty, from the Year 1680
to 1688.

Together with an Account of the late Admirable
and Stupendious Providence which hath wrought
such a sudden and Wonderful Deliverance for this
Nation, and Gods Sion therein.

Humbly Dedicated to their Present Majesties.

By Benjamin Keach, Author of a Book called, *Sion in Distress, or the Groans of the True Protestant Church*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for Nath. Crouch at the Bell
in the Poultry near Cheapside. 1689.



To their Most Excellent Majesties
William and *Mary*, by the Grace of
God, King and Queen of *England*,
&c.

Dread Soveraigns,

May it please your Majesties

MOST graciously to cast your Princely Eyes,
And to accept of this small worthless Mire,
From one, whose Soul's enamour'd with the sight
Of seeing you brought to Great Britains Throne,
Which Angels do delight to look upon.
Methinks I see the Cherubs clap their wings,
Singing sweet Anthems to the King of Kings,
That such a King and Queen are set on high,
In glorious Power and Soveraign Majesty.
No marvel 'tis, since by Angelick Power
You're both preserved to this happy hour.
For sure he's blind who can't discern most clear
I was by Heavens Conduct you were both brought
Such a stupendious Providence before (here.
Was never known, and never may no more

Be seen again in this Great Northern Isle,
Which fills our hearts with joy, & makes us smile Her
What a distressed and forlorn estate.
Was this now glorious Kingdom in of late.
Poor England, alas ! did bleeding lye,
For many years instlav'd by Tyranny.

And Sion too was in the same condition,
Weeping with bitter groans, and deep contrition in
Let me a little freely now dilate
Upon Great Britains miserable state :
When first on her you cast your Royal lock,
And her Salvation likewise undertook,
A glorious Enterprize, which Heaven did bless W
With such amazing and admir'd success.

Sick, sick, as heart can hold, the Kingdom lies, It
Filling each corner with her mournful cryes ; A
Sometimes she burns, as when a Fever beats ; T
Anon Despair brings cold and clammy sweats. T
No rest she gains, or if she do, she dreams T
Of Massacres, Fires, Blood, and direful Theams. J
She no Physicians finds : Bold Empiricks M
Are from St. Omers sent, to try their tricks, M
Who wicked crafty counsel take together, W
To poysen her, twas this that brought them bither. T
Nay bold (says Petre) we'l first let her blood ;
That's fit for her, and will do us most good.

Her

To the King and Queen.

Her Blood's infected, so corrupt, I see,
Naught else can cure her Northern Heresie.
But let us first prescribe a Golden Pill
To ease her, that she may suspect no ill,
But may conclude we choice Physicians be;
The Pill that they prepar'd was Liberty;
Curiously gilt it was, and tasted well,
But when 'twas down she int' an Ague fell;
Then these State-Mountebanks do her assure
Jesuits-Powder will effect the cure.
Yet still she's sick, and seiz'd with stronger fits,
Which made most think these Drs. all were Cheats.
Their Physick was of such a composition,
It made the Body Politick in confusion;
And many evidently did foresee
I was to effect a direful Tragedy.
They did pretend to purge ill humours out,
That they their black Designs might bring about;
And th' evil humours which did lurking lie
In divers parts o'th' Body, grew thereby
More strong and vigorous, and did disturb
What nature did before so strongly curb,
That wise Physicians made this wise conclusion,
Twould wholly change the Bodys constitution
From good to bad, from healthy, free, and sound,
Would cause malignant humours to abound.

To the King and Queen.

Ill ones, no doubt, it was design'd to nourish, But
Tho', for a while, some good ones it did cherish. We
Thus may a Medicine, which is safe and good, An
(As Liberty is, if rightly understood) Ou
When ill prepared, and unduly given, We
Prove dangerous as any under Heaven ; In
And pity 'tis this universal Pill, Te
That has wrought wonders, was design'd so ill. To
But ah ! what shall she do ? th' Impostors Art A
Her head doth poison, and corrupt her heart ; W
Must she, O must she die ! O hear her groans ! M
Hear Sions too ; O hearken how she moans ! C
There is no help but from the God of Wonder, T
'Tis he alone that's able to bring under O
This Foe to Nature, which is grown so strong, H
And hath her vital parts opprest so long. T
All her Physicians weep, and secretly

Were heard to say, poor England now must die,
Unless th' Almighty by his own right hand
Work Miracles to save our sinking Land. .
But who's the Instrument will rise up for her ?
Who is the Man whom God delights to honour,
To bring relief when all her hopes were gone ?

Great Sir, 'Twas you Jehovah fixt upon ;
No sooner heard she your victorious Name,
But she reviv'd, and cheerful soon became ;

But

To the King and Queen.

But ah! the Winds were cross, this made us fear
We n're should have your long'd for presence here.

And when we heard you were upon the Seas,
Our hearts rejoiced, yet had not perfect ease;
We doubted still what dangers you might meet
In that most Glorious and Renowned Fleet,
Yet still our Prayers more fervent were and more
To see your Royal Person safe on shore :

And all the time in England you have been,
What strange amazing wonders have we seen?
A poor sick Land divided; by Christs power
Made whole and all united in an hour,
United so, as joyntly to combine
To own this just and glorious design.

O're us long hung a black and dismal Cloud,
From whence we fear'd a dreadful storm of blood;
Yet when it brake, nought but sweet dews distill,
This, this may sure our souls with wonder fill,
To see a Mighty Army rais'd by Rome,
Some flie for fear, and others Friends become,
To gain the Victory, yet never fight,
This plain appears Gods hand to all mens sight.
Poor Sion, who i'th' dust did prostrate lie,
Bewailing her approaching misery,
Began to rouse, and on her feet to stand,
When you upon the English Shor& did land.

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Bewailing her approaching misery,
Began to rouse, and on her feet to stand,
When you upon the English Shore did land.

To the King and Queen.

She long expected, in our Hemisphere
A glorious Star would certainly appear ;
And now he's come, she can't forbear to sing,
With Joy to welcom her desired King ;
And as the Sun, whose powerful reflection
Gives to all Vegetables a resurrection ;
Even so Gods Witnesses now raised are,
Whose bodies lay like dead so lately here.
For though it was in the cold Winter time,
We saw so great a change in our sharp Clime
As made us cry, The Winter now is gone,
Our powerful Rays in this our Horizon,
Made Flowers bud as in the early Spring,
And chirping Birds melodiously to sing :
We heard the Turtles Voice too in our Land,
Such mighty Blessings, Thankfulness command ;
Blessings which England never knew before,
For which the God of Heaven we should adore :
And since our Sun is risen, let him shine
Most gloriously in Rays which are Divine,
Like powerful Sol, whose Soul reviving Beams,
Whose warming nature and delightful gleams,
Send forth on all his powerful Influence,
So let him equally his warmth dispence.

Nor can we fail of this our expectation,
It's like your self, 'tis like your Declaration,

To the King and Queen.

Tou by some just sublime and sacred Arts
Are both become the King and Queen of hearts ;
Tou there erect your Throne, 'tis there you reign,
Sure such a Kingdom always will remain.

Oh may our Sun never Eclipsed be,
Oh may he send his Beams from Sea to Sea,
And may he give an Universal Light,
That all dark Regions may receive their light ;
And may his strong attractive Power likewise
Dry up those naufeous sinks of sin that rise
And grow so rife, unto our Nations shame,
And high dishonour of Jehovah's Name :
May he his growing cherishing Beams display
Upon the Good and Virtuous, so that they
May alt strive to exceed in fruitfulness,
And flourish like those Trees the Lord doth bless.
But let him, Lord, be a hot scorching Sun
To thy grand Foe, The Whore of Babylon:
Let him make all those noisom weeds to fade,
And lose the glory which they lately had,
So that the Flower de Luce may hang the head,
It is high time it quite were withered.
Let proud Tyrconnels heart now die away,
To hear who does Great Britains Scepter sway.
Let our Dear Sovereign send such powerful Darts
As may subdue the most rebellious hearts

To the King and Queen.

Of Teagues and Tories in that mournful Land
O're which our Princes long have had command;
But let him be a healing Sun unto
His People, and their Differences subdue;
When Both have run their Race, Crown Both on
Among thy Saints to all Eternity. (high,

So prays your Majesties most humble
and most obedient and truly Loyal
Subject,

)
Benj. Keach.

TO

TO THE
READER.

YOU are here presented with a Poem that gives a full Relation of the woful state and sufferings of the Protestant Church from the year 1680. until the year 1688. Together with an Account of those Worthy Christians and Renowned Heroes that suffered during the same space of time. In the year 1666. I wrote a Treatise called *Sion in Distress*; I then perceiving Popery ready to bud, and would, if God prevented not, spring up afresh in this Land, and then in 1680. came forth a new Edition, with such Enlargements, which made it very different from the first Impression, which was entitled also, *Sion in Distress, or The Groans of the True Protestant Church*, wherein I shewed the Causes of her Calamities, with an Enumeration of some prevailing Sins; together with the Plots and Contrivances of Rome against *Sion*, which Book received general Acceptance. But now this, as the Title assures you, brings better News for our great joy and astonishment at what God hath wrought; he hath graciously been pleased to turn our sorrow and mourning into Rejoicing.

You have therefore an Account of the glorious Deliverance both of Church and State from Popery and Slavery by the hand of His now present Majesty, which as it is the Wonderment of this present Age; so it will be, no doubt, of future Generations: But since the excellencies of things appear best, when compared to their contraries, as Light, when compared to Darkness, and Health to Sicknes, and Liberty

The Epistle to the Reader.

to Bonds, &c. I have repeated many things that you have in *Sion in Distress*, which set forth her deplorable condition, that so we may the more clearly discern and admire the present blessing and future glory of God's Church; but because many grounds of *Sions Complaint* still continue, such I mean as respect the Divisions that are amongst good Protestants, and the sad Enormities of Professors, I doth repeat those her Sorrows with some fresh aggravations and additions of them: And since the Great *Whore* is fallen, and suddenly too in this Kingdom, and many that represent her are in hold, I have added something concerning her Tryal, Sentence or Condemnation, that was in the last, which part lookt to such a happy hour as this is; and tho' we cannot perfectly foresee what God is about to do, as yet, we being but in the morning of the approaching glory---yet are we full of expectation, that the work of God in respect of these great and longed-for blessings, will not go back again, but do believe their present Majesties are raised up to be glorious Instruments in the hand of God beyond what some ('tis like) may suppose; nor do I doubt but that the slain Witnesses are a-getting out of their graves; time will open things clearer to us: But I am sure we cannot sufficiently adore the Divine Goodness for that Salvation wrought by his own right hand; let us strive to be thankful to God, and labour to live in love one with another; and improve the present Providence; for since God hath graciously been pleased to do wonders for us, let us endeavour to do some great things for him.

If this may stir up any to act and do valiantly in *Israel*, and be any ways useful to the Church of God, or to any Member thereof, I have my desire,

*Who am still thy Souls Friend and
Servant for Christs sake,*

Benjamin Keach.

ON



On the Ingenious Author of the Poem called, *Distressed Sion Re- lieved.*

OUR Author heated with Seraphick Fire,
Which did his late lamenting Muse inspire.
He thereby in the highest notes of grief
Wept Tears in Verse when Sion lackt Relief
From Art high lofty strains he would not borrow.
But only did describe a Natural sorrow.
His clear discerning Soul did then foretel
Her danger, and what afterward befel.
He gave us warning to prevent the stroke,
Sins to forsake, and Mercy to invoke,
Yet would not without Consolation leave us,
Nor did that Book of comfort quite bereave us,
But still assur'd us, That the Scarlet Whore
Should in a short time fall and rise no more.

What he did then predict we hope that we
Within a little while perform'd shall see,
That Heav'n on Sion's sorrows will look down,
And for her sufferings will at length her Crown.

That

*That Sion late distrest, God will relieve,
And for her troubles comfort to her give.*

*These Hopes our Authors Soul do now inspire
they rouse his Muse, and make him to admire
What Great Deliverance is already wrought,
So great that it was ev'n beyond our thought.
This he in cheerful accents to us sings,
And our past sufferings to our memory brings.
The Glory of those Worthies he revives,
That for their Countrey offered their Lives.
They Popery and Slavery did withstand,
Which was ev'n ready to o're-spread the Land.
And though God did not then success afford,
Our Author doth their Gallant Names record;
And thereby hath himself obtain'd a Name
That shall be registred in the Book of Fame;
When he is gone, his Works shall never dye,
But still be Famous to Posterity.*

5 JU 67

C. N.

Distressed

Distressed Sion RELIEVED, OR,

The Garment of Praise for the Spirit
of Heaviness.

FOR almost Thirty years last past have I
Seen Floods of Tears flowing continually
From *Sions* Eyes, whose sad distressed state
With Filial Sympathy I did relate.

In Sixty Six a year of expectation
Came no relief, but still fresh Lamentation ;
When she was told her sorrows would be o're,
That year produc't more sorrow than before,
Which caus'd me who in Prison then did lye
To sigh and sob, and weep most bitterly,
In prospect of what I saw coming on
Poor *Sion*, e're her miseries would be gone,

And

And therefore did before that year run out,
 Foretel some things time since hath brought
Sions Distresses plainly did appear, (bo)
 And still they did increase year after year,
 Until the time the Popish Plot was known,
 That Grand Intrigue of Bloody *Babylon*,
 My Soul had then some ease, I then did hope
 The day was come should quite o'rethrow t (Pop)

And bloody Whore, That cursed Church of *Rom*
 That she would now receive her fatal Doom ;
 But all my hopes being frustrate, I again
 In the year Eighty pour'd out Tears amain.
 For at that time came forth a new Addition
 To *Sions* groans and sorrowful condition,
 When I had thought poor *Sions* woes were gone
 What dismal Clouds o're spread our Horizon ;
 Just as I deem'd I spy'd the morning Light.
 How were we threatned with a dismal Night
 Of Popish Darkness ; this I did descry,
 And mourn'd in Verse for *England's* misery,
 But *Sion's* troubles I did most lament ;
 Whose Enemies were strong and insolent,
 Which caused me in Christian Sympathy
 With bitter groans my grief to testifie
 In this sad manner :

' What dismal vapour in so black a form
 ' Is this which seems Harbinger to a Storm
 ' What pitchy Cloud invades our starry Sky,
 ' To stop the beamings of the Worlds great Eye
 ' What

• What spreading Sables of *Egyptian Night*
• Would rob the Earth of its illustrious Light?
• What interposing Fog obscures our Sun?
• What dire Eclipse benights our Horizon?
• Is *England's* Great and Royal Bridegroom fled?
• Is its *Aurora* newly gone to Bed,
• That scattered Clouds make such prodigious haste,
• Combine in one, and re-unite so fast?
• Clouds that so lately dissipated were,
• Do now conspire to make a darker Air.
• I mourn unpitied, groan without relief;
• No bounds nor measures terminate my grief,
• The Sluces of mine Eyes are too too narrow
• To vent the Streams of my increasing sorrow.
• Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and springing Days
Adorn the Fields which Winter dis-arrays.
• All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
• All Revolutions hurry to and fro,
Yet rest and settlement at length do know.
• But helpless I have often lookt about
To find some ease and Soul refreshment out,
Yet can I see no prospect of relief,
But swift additions multiply my grief,
As Pilgrims wander in their great distress
Amongst the wild rapacious Savages,
In pathless Desarts, where the midnight howls
Of hungry Wolves mixt with the screech of Owls,
And Ravens dismal croaks salute the Ears
Of poor Erratick trembling Passengers.

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Distressed Sion Relieved.

- ‘ So I’m surrounded, so the Beasts of prey
- ‘ Conspire to take my Life and Name away.
- ‘ My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
- ‘ For want of vent, I’m pregnant with complaint;
- ‘ No Age nor Generation but has known
- ‘ Some part of this my just and grievous moan,
- ‘ But now I’m far more dangerously charg’d,
- ‘ By bolder Foes ; my sorrows are enlarg’d,
- ‘ A Hellish Tribe of black *Avernus* Crew,
- ‘ Do Blood-hound like, me and my Lambs pursue.
- ‘ Lord Jesus come ; O Christ, let me invoke,
- ‘ Thy sacred presence to divert the stroke.
- ‘ Have all my Friends forsook me ? Are there none
- ‘ To ease my woes ? Ah must I grieve alone ?

Sion’s Friend.

- ‘ What doleful noise salutes my listening Ear ?
- ‘ What grief expressing voice is that I hear ?
- ‘ Methinks the accent of this dismal cry
- ‘ Issues from one in great extremity ;
- ‘ The shrillness of this mournful tone bespeaks
- ‘ A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.
- ‘ The more her deep and piercing sighs I heed,
- ‘ The more my Heart in Sympathy does bleed.
- ‘ Ah ! who can find her out ? who can make known
- ‘ The Author of this Heart-relenting moan ;
- ‘ Doubtless though sorrow now has seiz’d upon her,
- ‘ She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour,
- ‘ Of Royal Stem, extracted from above,
- ‘ Nurs’d in the Chambers of the Fathers Love,

Espoused

Distressed Sion Relieved.

5

• Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
• Who over all has Just Preheminence,
• Monarch of Monarchs !

‘ Ah Sion ! is it thou ?
• Oh mourn my Soul, Oh let my Spirit bow ;
• Let all that Love the Bridegroom sigh for grief,
• For Sion weeps as if past all relief ;
• But why, O Sion, (since thou art belov’d
• Of Heaven’s Supream) art thou so sadly mov’d ?
• Why with stretcht Arms dost thou implore the Skies ?
• Why do such streams of Tears flow from thine Eyes ?
• This makes me wonder.

Sion.

‘ My forlorn Estate

• Is poor, unpitied, mean and desolate.
• I long have wandred in the Wilderness,
• Involv’d in trouble and in sore distress ;
• In Caves absconding from the horrid rage
• Of savage Beasts ; until this latter Age.
• Yet when I but attempted to look out,
• The Monsters to destroy me searcht about ;
• The roaring Bloud-hounds greedy on the scent,
• To kill or drive me back again are bent.
• No interval of peace, no rest they give,
• Pronounce me cursed, and not fit to live.
• The cruel Dragon joineth with the Beast
• To gore my sides, and spoil my Interest ;
• Th’ old Lion, Lyonness, and the Lyons whelp,
• With dreadful Jaws the other Beasts do help.

B 2

‘ Dogs,

' Dogs, Bulls and Foxes, Bears and Wolves agree
 ' To rend and tear, and make a spoil of me.
 ' I that have been so delicately bred,
 ' My Children at the Royal Table fed,
 ' Am now expos'd to the Infernal spight
 ' Of such who still in Fire and Blood delight.
 ' Hatch Plots in Hell and *Rome*, whose black des
 ' Is to stab Monarchs, and to undermine
 ' Our Ancient Laws, subvert Religion, and
 ' Bow Englands Neck to Antichrists command.
 ' These were Fore-runners of that dismal Doom
 ' Of Fire and Faggot, which the Whore of *Rome*
 ' Prepar'd for English Protestants, and she rest,
 ' Who won't adore the Image of the Beast.
 ' I am the mark these Monsters aim at ; all
 ' Their Grand Intrigues were to contrive my fall.
 ' If Friends or Strangers any favour show,
 ' They straight conspire to work their overthrow.
 1678. ' Ah vile Conspiracy ! Ah cursed Plot !
 ' So deeply laid ; How canst thou be forgot ?
 ' Th' Infernal Conclave ne're produc'd a Brat
 ' Into the world so horrible as that,
 ' Since *Rome* Usurpt the Western Monarchy,
 ' Which she still Rules with Fraud and Treachery,
 ' In forging Plots, employing Hellish Actors ;
 ' Ah ! let us treat 'um as the Devils Factors.

' Distressed Sion ! O how few regard
 ' My sighs and tears, their Hearts are grown so bar
 ' My restless Hurricanes with storms and wind,
 ' No ease, no peace, no comfort can I find ;

• The horrid aspect of these Monsters do
• Affright my Children, some they worry too,
• Others they seize like greedy Beasts of prey,
• And to their Den the Sacrifice convey.
• Renowned GODFREY whose immortal Glory
• Martyr'd for me shall ever live in Story ;
• Let every Loyal Eye that reads it there,
• Yield to his name the Tribute of a Tear.
• Brave Soul ! thy Love and Loyalty do claim
• That King and People should proclaim thy name
• As *England's* Victim, ne're to be forgot,
• Fastning on *Rome* an Everlasting blot.
• The Great *Jehovah* who is only wise,
• Permits thy fall as a sweet Sacrifice.
• Thy barbarous Murder has made clearly out
• That Plot which none but Infidels now doubt.
• Those bloody Varlets, black Assassins,
• Curst Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
• Drunk with Infernal cruelty, made thee
• A Specimen of *England's* Tragedy.
• By thee we learn what curtesie to hope
• From *Romish* Butchers, Vassals to the Pope
• Thou led'st the Van, first fell'st into the Trap
• From whence they hope't no Protestant should scape.
• Poor Innocent ! trepann'd amongst them came
• Into their Nets like a poor harmless Lamb,
• Whilst they like hungry Tygers ready stood
• To imbrue their Tallons in thy guiltless Blood.
• Thou little dream'dst such an Infernal snare
• Had there been laid t' intrap thee unaware.

‘ ‘Tis strange (say some) what reason should ing
‘ Them to make thee the Object of their rage ;
‘ Some think ‘twas ‘cause the *Babylonish Whore*,
‘ Big with a Bastard long’d as heretofore
‘ For Christian Blood; Her Favourites made haste
‘ In her great need to help her to a taste
‘ Of choicest Liquors; thine she calls for first,
‘ To cheer her sinking Heart, and quench her Thirst
‘ Fearing miscarriage ; when her Spirits faint
‘ She drinks the Hearts blood of some Martyr’d Saint
‘ Insatiate, like the Horse-leech still she cries,
‘ Give, give me that, there’s nought else will suffice
‘ My craving Paunch ; my pleasure must be done
‘ This Heretick was a Pragmatick one,
‘ He knew my secret Clubs, and would reveal
‘ My Tragick Plots ; we must prevent his Zeal,
‘ Let’s strangle him before he does relate
‘ The Villanies we intend to perpetrate.

‘ Ah brutish Whore, of Canibals the worst,
‘ For this curst draught be thou for ever curst ;
‘ In the most lasting Records let us see
‘ This horrid instance of thy cruelty.
‘ This Loyal Knight ne’re injur’d thee, but stood
‘ Upright for Justice, and his Countreys good.
‘ Will nought but Blood of Protestants give ease ?
‘ Or quench thy thirst ? What mischievous Disease
‘ Infects thy Bowels ? Must your Churches food
‘ Be Flesh of Saints ? Your Mornings draught their
‘ Fellowious Strumpet ! dar’st thou be so bold (Blood)
‘ To steal by night into thy Neighbours Fold,

• And seize my Lambs ? Thy Theft and Cruelty,
• And all thy Murders shall revenged be.
• But since he's gone and Justice does pursue
• With eager steps the Assassinating Crew,
• We'l acquiesce ; for Heav'n now seems to call,
• And bid tears cease, at his sad Funeral.
• Let Christians offer through the Universe
• Whole Hecatombs upon his bleeding Herse.
• And could their tears increase into a Floud
• T'were no excess ; so much I prize his Bloud.

THus, thus did I in Eighty make sad moan
For that brave Hero who was dead and gone;

But Oh my Heart ! ——A Cordial presently,
My Spirits faint ! Ah me ! Help Lord ! I die
Unless I have relief, I can't sustain

My sinking Soul ! was ever any pain
Or sorrow equal to what I now feel?

My burd'ned mind under her weight does reel.

Oh since that year what woes have I beheld !

How have my mournful Eyes with tears been fill'd ?

I then did fear what since is come to pass

As in that Treatise plainly hinted was.

Did *Rachel* mourn, and all relief refuse,

How then can I forbear ? How can I chuse

But weep, and to lament for my sad Lot ?

What Children have I lost ? who now are not.

Did I for one such Lamentation make ?

My Bowels now may surely throb and ake,

When I recount how many since are gone,

Who murdered were by bloody *Babylon*.

1681. Poor Colledge first before this Idol fell,
 Betray'd to death by Evidence from Hell ;
 To drink his Blood there seem'd to be some strife,
 Was twice Indict'd ; they must have his Life :
 Yet they could never shake his constancy,
 Hear his great Soul sing his own Elegy.

A Poem written by Mr. Stephen Colledge
 a while before he was sent to Oxford, where he Suffered Death, Aug 1681.

31. 1681.

*Wrongful Imprisonment
 Hurts not the Innocent.*

What if I am into a Prison cast,
 By Hellish Combinations am betray'd ?
 My Soul is free although my Body's fast :
 Let them repent that have this evil laid,
 And of Eternal vengeance be afraid ;
 Though Racks and Gibbets can my Body kill,
 My God is with me, and I fear no ill.

Wh

What boots the clamours of the giddy Throng?
 What Antidote's against a poysous Breath?
 What Fence is there against a Lying Tongue,
 Sharpen'd by Hell to wound a man to Death?
 Snakes, Vipers, Adders do lurk underneath:
 Say what you will, or never speak at all,
 Our very Prayers such Wretches Treason call.

But Walls and Bars cannot a Prison make,
 The Free-born Soul enjoys its Liberty;
 These clods of Earth it may incaptivate,
 Whilst Heavenly Minds are conversant on high,
 Ranging the Fields of Blest Eternity:
 So let this Bird sing sweetly in my Breast,
 My Conscience clear, a Rush for all the rest.

What I have done I did with good intent,
 To serve my King, my Countrey, and the Laws;
 Against the bloody Papists I was bent,
 Cost what it will I'le ne're repent my Cause,
 Nor do I fear their Hell-devouring Jaws;
 A Protestant I am, and such I'le dye,
 Maugre all Deaths, and Popish Cruelty.

But what need I these Protestations make,
 Actions speak men far better than their words.
 Whate're I suffer's for my Countrey's sake,
 Not 'cause I had a Gun, or Horse, or Sword;
 Or that my Heart did Treason e're afford;
 No, 'tis not me (alone) they do intend,
 But thousands more, to gain their cursed End.

And

And sure of this the World's so well aware,
 That here 'tis needless more for me to say,
 I must conclude, no time have I to spare,
 My winged hours do fly too fast away,
 My (work) Repentance must I not delay,
 I'll add my Prayers to God for *England's* good
 And if he please will Seal them with my Blood.

*O Blessed God destroy this black design
 Of Popish Consults ! it's in thee we trust ;
 Our Eyes are on thee, help, O Lord, in time.
 Thou God of Truth, most Merciful and Just,
 Do thou defend us, or we perish must ;
 Save England, Lord, from Popish Cruelty,
 My Countrey bless, Thy will be done on me.*

Mans Life's a Voyage through a Sea of tears,
 If he would gain the Haven of his Rest ;
 His signs must fill the Sails whilst some Men Steers.
 When Storms arise let each man do his best,
 And cast the Anchor of his hopes (opprest)
 Till Time or Death shall bring us to that Shore
 Where Time nor Death shall never be no more.

Laws Deo. Amer.

*From my Prison in the Tower,
 August 15. 1681.*

Stephen Colledge

Grea

Great *Essex* ! Ah thy groans methinks I hear !
What ne're a Friend ? hadst thou not one Friend near ?
None, none to help ; in vain it was to cry
When there were none but Savage Monsters nigh.

Since thy great Soul could not inticed be,
Nor wouldst conceal their cursed cruelty,
They make a bloody Tragedy of thee. }
Surpriz'd, lest all should be discovered
Unto this Dev'lisch Policy they were led ; }
And to conceal their horrid Plot they try
Those wicked Arts, which do it justifie
Confirming it to all Posterity. }

Though thy Assassines like men appear,
Their curst attempt shew'd least of man was there, }
Incarnate Devils certainly they were. }

Ah cruel Tyrants ! destitute of shame,
To murder bosh thy Body and thy Name.

Could not thy Blood their hellish thirst suffice ?
But must thou die a double Sacrifice ?

What ! cut thy Throat with such barbarity,
And when thy Sovereign also was so nigh !

The Royal Prison, though a Tower strong,
Was no defence nor refuge to thee long.

Thou careful wast how to preserve thy life,
And yet didst fall by a curst Romish Knife.

Thy Head almost cut off ; and yet they cry
That thy own hands did act the Tragedy ;

But now we hope it plainly will appear,
Who the vile Actors ; who the Murderers were.

May I not borrow now (as many do)
 Some proper lines, made on an *Essex* too.
 Shall such a Noble Peer fall thus by *Rome*?
 And shall I not drop tears upon his Tomb?
 Shall none who loved him, move for a Vote?
 Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't.
 A Vote that all on that same day o'th' year
 On which he fell shall mourn, or shed a tear,
 Or else be judg'd a 'Papist? It were wise
 T' erect an Office in my Childrens Eyes,
 For issuing forth a constant sum of tears,
 There's no way else to pay him his Arrears,
 And when we've drein'd this Ages Eyes quite dry,
 Let him be wept the next in History.

1683. Renowned Great Lord *Russel* next, I
 Is markt out for this direful Tragedy,
 Scarce had I dry'd mine Eyes for loss of one,
 But they another Hero fall upon.
 A braver Lord scarce ever lost his Head;
 Nay few like him hath *England* ever bred.
 From a most Noble Stem he did Spring forth,
 And had a Spirit suited to his Birth.
 Had I not wept so many tears before,
 For him whole Rivers from mine Eyes might pour.
 Had I an Helicon in either Eye,
 The thoughts of *Russel* soon may draw them dry.
 Great Soul! too great for our inferior praise,
 You for your self the Noblest Trophies raise.
 Your Love to *Sion*, and your Native Land
 Shall mention'd be, ev'n while the Earth doth stan-

My loss and *England's* too who shall repair ?
Great God ! his hardned Enemies do not spare ;
'Twas by the Blood of these Great Men I see
England was freed from *Rome's* curst Tyranny.

T'avoid the *Odium* of their cursed Plot,
Which notwithstanding ne're will be forgot,
Another was contriv'd, wherewith they thought
The innocent to insnare, who should be brought
Thereby to ruin ; and then hop'd to see
Sion and her best Friends would ruin'd be ;
This was the Second part of *Rome's* design
To work the overthrow of me and mine,
And these two Champions standing in their way
With bloudy hands they villainously slay.
The first inhumanely was Murdered,
The other they did publickly Behead.
They charged him indeed with odious Crimes,
(And many others too, in those black times :)
Crimes he to th' last did utterly deny,
Whose Noble Soul their malice did defie,
But Villains swore, and he alas must die. } }

O Heav'n and Earth be ye astonished !
How fain would they have struck off my poor Head,
Yet of my Blood that they themselves might clear,
Good Protestants the scandal on't must bear.

1683. *Sydney*, dear *Sydney* treacherously fell,
Whom I esteem'd a Prince in *Israel* ;
Those Laws that were intended for defence,
Were wrested so thou couldst not have from thence

Any

Any relief, but thou must likewise dye,
Although on thee no guilt at all did lye,
Jury and Judge dealt so inhumanely.

What hadst thou done ? what cause of death in the Aggri
For Sion 'twas ; 'twas for thy Love to me.
Thy Principles were such, Hell could not bear
The thoughts thereof, though publisht they ne're we
Thou waft too Just, and hadst such piercing Eyes,
Those Hellish Statesmen doubted a surprize,
And therefore made thee a third Sacrifice.

1684. By Popish Arts many more ruin'd were
Poor Holloway likewise fell into the snare ;
B'ing from th' Western World a Prisoner brought,
By those who fiercely his destruction sought ;
Who at the place of Execution
Delivered his Bible unto one
Of his Relations, wherein he had writ
The following lines, which I do here transmit.

' Owner hereof prize this, and bless the Lord
' That yet to England doth his Word afford ;
' Had I liv'd longer, hopes I should have had
' T' have seen times mend, but now expect them bad
' Truth will not do, for much of it I wrote,
' And for't I die much rather than the Plot.
' Did you know all, you'd say I did my part
' To free you from designed Popish smart.

And now alas ! behold my dismal case,
Great Flouds of sorrow follow on apace.
Many Religious, Pious Men of worth
Are rendred vile, not fit to live on Earth.

Observe *Rome's* policy, who contriv'd it so
That Protestants should Protestants undo.
Conscience must now be basely shackled
Against its Light impos'd on, and misled,
And truckle like a Slave unto all those
Who did Christ's Regal power in man oppose :
Either their Consciences must wounded lye
Under despair for their Apostacy ;
Or if they were resolv'd, and sincere,
They loss of Goods, Contempt and Scorn must bear ;
Be sent to noisom Jayls, or to Exile,
Which many chose, rather than to defile
Their precious Souls, and treacherously disown,
Or yield the power of Christ's righteous Throne
Up to Usurpers, who audaciously
Cry, *All is Cæsar's due, and so deny* }
God over Conscience has the Sovereignty. }

No wonder they Laws violently break down ;
That all our Civil Rights are overthrown.
That our Just Properties they take away,
And our most Ancient Liberties betray.
Since they the Glorious Monarchy of Heav'n
Do now Invade, and strive to have it given
into their hands that they may tread it down,
And impudently cry, *All is their own.*
Grand Rebels! what, attempt the Right of God ?
Do you not fear his dreadful Iron Rod ?
Would you Dethrone him ? would your hellish spite
Deprive both God and Man of their just Right ?

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This

This you design'd (although in vain) to do; Did:
And Christ's blest Kingdom fain would overthrow He's

One while they cry, *Conscience to them must be* Y
Another time, *Christ's Right they did defend.* The
When it did seem to favour their design, Becca
Conscience in all its rights they undermine, Mat
But when they found 'twould with their Interest sta And
And with th' Intrigues that they then had in hand, All t
They cry, Nought's juster than that all men do For
To others as they would be done unto. And
And

But to return ; nothing for many years
Is seen but Persecution, Bloud and Tears.
No Liberty at all Conscience must have,
But the Dissenters Prison proves his Grave,
Where hundreds of them lay long buried,
Whilst others of their Goods were plundered.
Many in filthy Jayls so long did lye,
That poysoned with the stench they there did dye.
Law and Religion both were trampled down,
And most good men term'd *Enemies to the Crown.*
Charters of Towns and Cities ta'ne away,
That Popery and Slavery might bear sway.
No Stone was left unturn'd, whereby they might
Bring on poor *England* an Eternal Night
Of Popish darkness; many therefore fled,
Whilst others were strangely dis-spirited.
Divers good Magistrates were laid aside,
And wicked men for Judges they provide,
Void of all fear of God, who any thing (Kin
Would give for Law, they thought would please the No D

Did a Dissenter Law or Justice crave?
 He's branded for a Rascal, Rebel, Slave.
 Yet many men so strangely blinded were,
 They could not see, though things appear'd so clear,
 Because that King a Protestant was thought,
 Matters by him so cunningly were wrought,
 And carried on; but when he came to fall,
 All things were plain and bare-fac't unto all;
 For the next King his Visage did lay down,
 And publickly himself a Papist own;
 And I likewise more clearly did espy
 My dreadful danger then approaching nigh:
 The Popish Plot under a Cloud was hid,
 (And a Sham Plot contrived in its stead.)
 Though own'd by three Successive Parliaments;
 Yet all's denied by Romish Innocents;
 Those Jesuits who hang'd for Treason were,
 Themselves free from all guilt or crime declare,
 As th' unborn Child; nor is this strange, since they
 Dispensation have, That they may say
 Whatever will preserve their Cause from blame,
 And Holy Church secure from her just shame.

1685. Therefore is Dr. Oates brought on the Stage,
 Degraded and expos'd to brutish rage,
 They on his Back their cruel strokes do lay,
 Wherby their Hellish Plot they stile may,
 Yet let them whip and lash him till he die,
 And practice all their Romish cruelty,
 None of his Evidence he can deny.

'Tis to his Honour and Immortal praise,
 And to his name it will high Trophies raise.
 Those many hundred stripes laid on by *Rome*
 Are as so many Monuments become,
 More great and lasting than a Marble Tomb.

Poor *Dangerfield*! courageous and bold,
 Whom *Rome's* Incendiaries never could
 By horrid threats or subtle flattery,
 Prevail upon to gainsay, or deny
 What he of their Intrigues did testifie.
 Unto a cruel whipping they him doom,
 Which yet could not his Fortitude o'recome.
 'Twould pierce ones Heart to think what miseries
 He suffered from his bloody Enemies ;
 And though perhaps not well prepar'd to die,
 Yet he must fall by *Romish* Tyranny,
 A Villain in the midst of all his pain,
 Stabbing his tender Eye out with a Cane,
 Which pierc't so deep he in great torments lay,
 That never ceas'd, till Death took him away.

The Fence b'ing thus thrown down the ravenous
 Rush in, and of poor Innocents make Feasts. (Beasts
 Wild Boars and Bears, yea Wolves and Tygers, strive
 All to destroy, and leave no Lambs alive.
 Religion, Laws, though all good mens great care,
 Yea, and mens precious Lives, they did not spare;
 That *England* seem'd as if it were become
 A Scene of misery, and a prey to *Rome*.
 And what could *Sion* do ? Alas, poor I
 Bewail'd my state, but saw no comfort nigh;

Yea,

Yea, my poor Children about me hung,
B'ing hardly able to endure the wrong,
And sharp Assaults of those fierce Fiends of Hell,
Yet knew not how their malice to repel.

About this time i'th' West there did appear
Some unto whom their Countrey was most dear,
Striving to free it ; but mistook the time,
And Person too, who Landed then at *Lyme* :
A Man belov'd ; but not the Instrument
God chosen had ; and now to us hath sent
To save our Land, and *Sion*, from that blow,
Which would have been to both an overthrow.

1685. But of my joys I must forbear to sing,
A doleful noise seem's in my Ears to ring,
And still grows louder ; sure 'tis from the West ;
What's that I see ? a cruel savage Beast !
A Man ? no sure a Monster ; though he came
Of Humane Race, he don't deserve that name,
A cursed Spirit of th' Infernal Legion,
A Lord Chief Justice of the Lower Region.

I cannot rest, hot struggling rage aspires,
And fills my Free-born Soul with Noble Fires.
My Muse soars high, and now she doth despise
What e're below attempts to Tyrannize.

Ah ! but again she faints ; how shall I tell
What to those poor mistaken Souls befel.
The dismal news of Rapine, Spoil, and Blood
Shed in those Parts, which ran ev'n like a Flood,
Works strange Effects in my afflicted Soul,
For grief my Bowels do within me roul.

In biting Satyr I could even contemn,
That Villanous Judge who Innocents did condemn;
Who on the Bench did nought but what he knew
Would gratifie the bloody Popish Crew.

*Though nature seems assistance to refuse,
Revenge and Anger both inspire my Muse.*

Shall the Wretch live? why is he spar'd so long?
Justice seems to complain of having wrong;
Th' Infernal Dæmons, angry seem to say,
Dead or alive we him will fetch away,
And at his stay they all seem to repine,
That to their vengeance we don't him resign.

But Ah! his Blood can never recompence
His ruining so many Innocents.
And it may seem the wonder of the time,
And some are apt to think, may be a crime,
That we no more regard their memory,
Who for their Countries welfare dar'd to dye.
Poor Hear'st! who seeing we were drawing nigh
To Vassalage and ROMISH Tyranny,
Resolv'd to save Religion and the Laws,
But mist; and fell into this Tygers Claws,
Whose mind upon the prey was wholly bent,
Pitying none, though ne're so Innocent;
But like an hungry Wolf, or furious Bear
Without remorse the harmless Lambs did tear.
No time of preparation would he give
To many; nor Petitions would receive.
Nor would he hear their Wives and Childrens cry,
But scoff and laugh at them in misery;

And though they pity beg'd with sighs and groans,
 He was relentless to their tears and moans,
 Beg'd that distressed Widdows he'l not make,
 But save their Husbands lives for Jesus sake.
 It being plain, most of those who were there,
 Designed well, though taken in a snare.

But with what rage did he upon them fall,
 Swearing, *He'd make examples of 'um all,*
Cry'd, On that Sign-post take and hang them up,
The Rogues shall all taste of this bitter Cup :
 Whereby this bloody Wretch destroyed more
 In a few Weeks, than *Bonner* did before
 In full three years, many as faithful men
 As suffered by Popish fury then.
 He hang'd 'um up by two, by three, by seven,
 Whose Blood aloud for vengeance cries to Heav'n,
 Their Bodies likewise cut to pieces were,
 Their Quarters hang'd o'th' Hedges here and there,
 Their Flesh was given to be Meat for Crows,
 And all because they Antichrist oppose ;
 And were resolv'd never to bend the Knee
 To Images, nor turn to Popery ;
 Nor ever Slaves or Vassals to become
 Unto the Pope, and Scarlet Whore of *Rome* ;
 Whom Christ commands (*bis Saints, so to reward*
As she has done to them) in's Holy Word.
 Their ends were right, but they mistook their call,
 And therefore God did suffer them to fall ;
 They did disdain those Yokes with generous scorn,
 Which were by other servile Spirits born.

'They saw the threatening Storm approach from far,
 'Fearing a thousand mischiefs worse than War,
 'And therefore rushing on th' impetuous waves,
 'Would rather die like Men than live like Slaves.
 'To save Me and the Land they bravely try'd,
 'Fail'd in th' attempt, and then as bravely dy'd.
 'In vain would envious Clouds their Fame obscure,
 'Which to Eternal Ages shall endure.
 'If ill design's some to the Battel drew,
 'Must all be scandalized for a few?
 'If fawning Traytors in their Councils fate
 'Tis base to mock, rather lament their Fate.
 'Though Heav'n for England's Sins refuse to bless
 'Their great Design with the desir'd success,
 'Tis an unequal, brutish Argument,
 'Always to judge the cause by the event;
 'Thus the unthinking giddy multitude,
 'An Innocent may Criminal conclude.

But woe to those who in cold Blood did kill,
And thereby did their own revenge fulfil.

The High-ways like a Slaughter-house became,
Or bloody Shambles, to their Enemies shame;
What multitudes of men did they destroy
And hang on Trees, which did so much annoy
The People round about, it made them cry,
O Lord defend us from Rome's cruelty.

But this Relation gives me little ease,
I must some other way seek to appease
My overflowing Passion; therefore I
Some of those Hero's Names cannot pass by

Until I drop some tears upon their Hearse,
That the next Age may mourn for them in Verse.

Brave Colonel *Holmes*, Wise, Valiant and Sincere,
Who didst to *Sion* true affection bear,
Thy worthy Name shall not forgotten be,
But shall recorded be in History
To after Ages ; nor can thy Arrears
Be duly paid without a Flood of tears.
Great Soul ! thy Life thou seemedst to despise,
Rather than ask it of thine Enemies.
Much less didst thou in any sort incline
Others to charge, to save that Life of thine.
How didst thou grieve and publickly bewail
Thy undertaking should so strangely fail ?
But yet Prophetically didst Divine,
It would revive again in little time,
Though by what means it brought about should be,
It was impossible thou couldst then fore-see,
And thy Prediction now is come to pass,
Though by thy Foes it then contemned was.

And now the sad Spectators wondring saw,
The Horses long refuse the Sledge to draw ;
The poor dumb Beasts by Heavens Instinct are
Made sharp Reprovers, whilst the lash they bear ;
And seem to say, *These men are innocent,*
They must not die, God will not give consent,
And therefore he doth strangely us restrain
From drawing them, though lash and lash again.
What other voice there was I cannot see
In this amazing wondrous Prodigy.

Yet all these warnings from the Foe are hid,
For dye they must, and dye they also did ;
Although on foot to slaughter they must drudge,
To gratifie a most Tyrannical Judge.

Nor did the Gallant Father fall alone,
He in the Cause lost a Religious Son.

Poor Captain *Holmes*, few young men like to thee,
Did hazard all to set their Countrey free
From *Rome's* curst Yoke, and cruel Slavery.

The next Great Worthy 'mongst the vanquisht Ho
Which in that hour of darkness I have lost,
A Preacher was, indu'd with Holy Art,
Who did dissolve the Stone in many a Heart,
His name was *Lark* ; O come my Children now,
Pay him those tears which he laid out for you ;
Ah ! must he fall by Fate ? Ah ! must he yield ?
His Life up too ? but why not in the Field ?
Must *Sampson* fall by the *Philistines* hand
Who from their Bondage strove to save the Land ?
Well ! by thy death thou hast prevailed so,
Thou hastenedst their utter overthrow,
And yet I cannot but lament to think
Of what a bitter Cup thy Flock do drink.
My loss of thee is more than loss of Ten,
Though they might be sober Religious men :
When Death thus with his hands lays hold upon
The Pillars of the House, the Building's gone,
Unless God in his Mercy instantly
Raise others up their places to supply :

But Ah ! how many dye ? how few appear
Them to succeed, and their great weight to bear.
In Jesus Christ's own Harvest in this Nation,
(which now seems white) there's cause of Lamentation.
A Chariot and an Horseman I have lost,
But he's above, incamp't i'th' Heavenly Host.
Have you not seen an early rising *Lark*
Mounting aloft, making the Sun her mark ?
Lo here's a *Lark* that soar'd up higher, higher,
Till he had sung himself into Heav'n's Quire.
From Earth to Heaven he went, and in a trice
His Soul ascended into Paradice.

Now stop mine Eyes, for fear your Floods should fail,
And I want tears for all I must bewail ;
But yet I need not doubt ; Springs I espy,
Yea Fountains, which will give a fresh supply
For two young Plants, who both sprang from one Stem,
Belov'd of God, I hope, as well as men.
Dear *Hewlins*, of what use might you have been,
If you to spare th' Almighty good had seen ?
What cruel Tyrants had we lately here,
That two such tender Branches would not spare ?
But when I think, of Grace that they had store,
And with what patience they their Sufferings bore, }
It gives such comfort I can weep no more.
What Testimony did they leave behind,
Of that sweet joy which they in Christ did find ?
When wicked men all pity do deny,
Our Saviour to compassion's mou'd thereby ;

And

And doubtless they are plac't in that High Sphere,
Where th' Spirits of Just Men Triumphant are.

Ah me ! Alas ! what means this Sea of Blood ?
Oh ! See, see, see, it breaks forth like a Flood.
Must *Walcot*, *Bateman*, *Ayliff*, *Anfly* too
Be all forgot, are no sighs to them due ?
No, no, that must not be ; I'm drencht in tears,
To hear this cry of Blood sound in mine Ears.

But lo ! another Stream issues amain,
My sinking Spirits, Lord, with speed sustain.
Poor *Nelthrop*'s gone too, and the Lady *Lisle* ;
Nay more, the Gallant Noble Lord *Argile*.
Hath *Scotland* bred a greater Man than he ?
Of Noble Birth, and Ancient Pedigree.
No danger could his High-born Soul restrain,
He strove his Countreys Liberty t' obtain.
And it to free from *Romish* Usurpation,
Beyond most of the Nobles in that Nation ;
For which his Enemies many snares did lay,
Both his Estate and Life to take away ,
Who only did design Tranquillity
To th' State ; and to secure't from Slavery.
Were I but able I'de advance his Praise,
And with high strains of grief his Glory raise.
A Nobleman, Just, Pious, Valiant, Wise,
Able for Counsel, or for Enterprize ;
Fit to set *Cato* Copies if alive,
Whose sharp discerning Judgment soon could dive
Into their Plots, though laid as deep as Hell ;
But missing his Design, our Statesman fell.

Success sometimes does not the Wise attend,
 The most Sagacious sometimes miss the end
 They aim at ; and yet may not be i'th' wrong ;
The Race is not to th' swift, nor to the strong
The Battel is not always ; and we see
 This Scripture Proverb was made good in thee.
 Farewel Argile ! my weeping Muse shall burn
 Her wither'd Laurel, at thy mournful Urn ;
 Contemn a Monument, and scorn a Stone ;
 Marbles have flaws, and must good men have none ?
 But gone he is ; drop tears my Children all,
 And mourn, because that day a Prince did fall :
 Though he be gone, his Honour shall not dye,
 My Children shall preserve his Memory.

Undaunted Rumbold is the next that I
 Register in my mournful Elegy,
 He both Couragious and Religious was,
 Whose Zeal for's Countreys Freedom did surpass
 Most others ; and although he then did lye
 Under the scandal and the infamy
 Of secretly conspiring how to slay
 His Sovereign Lord in a vile treacherous way,
 Which he deny'd, and did abominate,
 When his last Breath he yielded up to Fate
 So wounded, that two Deaths he seem'd to dye :
 Tears drop again, mine Eyes I cannot dry,
 When I observe the Babylonish Train,
 Strive all these worthy Mens repute to stain
 With Lies, false Slanders, and black Calumny,
 That they unpitied by all might die.

But to my comfort, I now hope the day
 Is come, will wipe all their reproach away ;
 That whilst their Souls Triumphing are in Glory,
 Their Fame will cleared be in future Story ;
 And that to all good Men their Memory
 Will precious be to all Posterity.

But now my Muse back to the West must go,
 And tell what there the Enemy more did do,
 Where cause of grief be sure I cannot lack.
 Brave Patchel next appears with Captain Blake ;
 And though I have great store of tears let fall, -
 Yet their sad Fate aloud on me doth call
 To draw the Sluces up, and yet once more
 From my wet Eyes fresh Floods of tears to pour ;
 For I perceive whole Troops together come
 Of Western Sufferers, crying, *Pray make room* ;
Why must our names be buried in the Croud ?
And all our worth be vailed in a Cloud
Of dark Oblivion ? Must we always lye
Under an Odium of the blackest dye ?
Is nothing due unto our mangled Clay ?
Will none strive our reproach to roul away ?
Can you so partial be ? What not a tear
For us to whom Liberty was so dear ?
Do you disdain to speak in our defence,
Because some were of no great Eminence ?
Was not our Blood as dear to us as theirs,
Whose death you do bewail with bitter tears ?
Must our mean dust be slightly trampled on,
And disregarded without sigh or groan ?

Ab!

*Ab ! Must we ever, ever be forgot ?
And must our names like wicked Persons rot ?*

No, no, Great Souls ! I equally resent
The sad misfortune of each Innocent ;
And though some (not for want of Ignorance)
Cry 'gainst your Prince your Arms you did advance ;
Yet your Allegiance sure could never bind
Your hands, that when *Rome's* power had undermin'd
The Constitution, thereby to o'rethrew
The Goverment, yet you must nothing do.
Must every man sit still, and quiet be ?
And Law, Religion, Life in Jeopardy ;
The contrary Jehovah hath made out,
And thereby our Salvation's brought about.
Yet Non-resistance is our duty still,
When Princes Rule by Law ; but not by Will,
When Magistrates pursue that gracious end,
God by advancing of them did intend ;
Then to resist them is a horrid thing,
And God to shame will all such Rebels bring.
But must Superiors be submitted to,
When they contrive to ruin and undo
Their faithful Subjects, and o'return the State,
And their most sacred Oaths do violate ?
Is Government ordained to destroy,
Or to preserve the Rights that Men enjoy ?
Suppose a Father should be led away,
To attempt the Mothers Life, and strive to slay
His Innocent Children ; and to those adhere,
Who unto them malicious Enemies were :

In such a case as this the Children sure,
 Their Mothers, and their own Lives may secure.
 Ought they not then their Fathers hands to bind,
 So to prevent the mischief he design'd ?
 Don't Nature teach a Man to save his Life
 From th' Treachery of Father, Child, or VVife ?
 Must Servants yield, and passively consent
 Their Master from their Bones the Flesh should rent.
 Is it a crime if they won't this indure,
 But seek a better Master to procure ?
 Self-preservation 'twas that moved you,
 (Fore-seeing what was ready to insue,) (be
 To seek such ways to save your selves and me,
 VVhich you thought Just, and hop'd would prosperous
 And though God did Success to you deny,
 Yet you might act with all Integrity ; (plause,
 VVhich Heav'n doth seem to Crown now with Ap-
 And to Assert the Justice of your Cause.
 Since 'twas ordain'd that spot should be the Scene
 VVhere the Cause dy'd, there to revive't agen :
 And though for what you therein were misled
 I did lament, and many tears have shed ;
 Yet I must vindicate you from the wrong
 You suffer'd have by many a viperous Tongue ;
 And will more of your worthy names revive,
 Though at your slips I never will connive.
 Dear *Hicks*, shall slanderous mouths seek to defame
 And to calumniate so sweet a name ?
 Ah ! shall detracting malice go about
 VVith its rude Breath to blow thy Taper out ?

VVell

Well ! let them all their full-mouth'd Bellows puff,
It is their Breath that stinks, and not thy snuff.
Oh what a judgment 'twere if such as they
Should but allow thy actions, and betray
Th' endanger'd name by their malign applause
To good opinion ; that were a just cause
Of grief indeed ; but to be made the Story
Of such false Tongues, Great Soul ! it is thy Glory.
Ah ! is he dead ? did his poor Body fall
By th' rage of man ? tears cannot him recall.
Yet might not then have died, but his day
Might have been lengthned, had he known the way
To Life and Peace which God hath since found out,
And for our safety, strangely brought about,
The day he longed for his Eyes had seen
If some things had, and some things had not been.
What he saw past, Heavens Eye fore-saw to come ;
God saw how that contingent act should sum
The total of his days ; His All-seeing Eye
(Though his own could not) saw that he should dye
That very fatal hour, yet saw his death
Not so, so necessary, but his Breath
Might have been spared to a longer date
Had he imbraced this, not taken that.
Had not a furious Judge condemned thee,
Void of all pity and humanity,
Thou might'ft have liv'd and seen with joyful Eyes
That done, for which thou sell'st a Sacrifice ;
Yet that God orders all things right w'are sure ;
The Death of some may Life to more procure.

But

But here's just cause of further Lamentation,
For one we scarce can equal in the Nation.
A worthy Preacher, who could not comply
With what his Conscience could not justifie.
But hark how th' Enemy doth scoff and jeer,
That a Dissenter's taken in the snare.

A better Sacrifice there could not come,
To please the Canibals of Bloody *Rome*,
Who do believe there is no Dish so good,
As a *John Baptist's Head* serv'd up in Blood.
But he's a Rebel; Ay! that, that's the cry;
Now as to that, let's weigh impartially
His dying words, now printed, which relate
He did believe *Monmouth* Legitimate,
Or Lawful Son of *Charles*, or else that he
Would ne're have acted in the least degree
In that design, and we may likewise find
The rest in general were of that mind;
And though they were mistaken, let's take care
Not to asperse what dying men declare.
But sober thoughts of them still to retain,
And not with Obloquy their Memory stain.

But lo! a multitude of Sufferers more
(Whose Blood for vengeance cries,) stand at the door
Open to them; my Muse; Ah! do but see
What a great number of them still there be;
Now they are come, 'tis fit I first make room
For the most gallant generous *Battiscumba*:
A worthy Person of a great Estate,
Although he was cut off by cruel Fate.

The wretched Judge allur'd him to accuse
Some other Gentlemen, which he did refuse
With scorn; for he abhorr'd his Life to buy
By such base and unmanly treachery.

When he o'th' Ladder was he seemed to smile;
Saying, He hoped in a little while
He should enjoy a Crown and Diadem
Of Glory in the New *Jerusalem*;
That from a Land of misery and woe
To the Cœlestial Paradice he should go.

Hamling fell too, nor was his Innocence
Before so vile a Judge, the least defence
Against the Crimes wherewith they charged him,
Though altogether free from any Crime;
Who neither was in Arms, nor did assist
Any that were; nor any who did Lift
Themselves for *Monmouth*; nay he did advise
His Son not to ingage, but to be wise,
And unto Gods dispose leave every thing,
Who in due Season would Deliverance bring.
But he was a Dissenter, and for this
He must not live; for he accused is
By two such Rascals as did never care
Whether 'twere truth or falsehood they did Swear;
But with the Judges humour would comply,
And by such Evidence this man must die.

Next Mr. *Brag* a Man of good Descent,
And well known to be wholly innocent;
Who though a Lawyer, yet no Law could have
Wherby his Life from violence to save,

When Law and Justice both o're-ruled were,
 And Judge and Jury too resolv'd to steer
 By the false Compass of the Princes will,
 In vain was the most Learned Lawyers skill ;
 None were secure, neither the weak nor strong :
 Will was made Law whether 'twere right or wrong.
 The Land-mark was remov'd, all Common laid ;
 And all our English Liberties betray'd.

But time will fail me, therefore I'll proceed,
 And not forget *Smith, Rose, and Joseph Speed,*
And Evans too ; shall such a man as he
 Fall basely, and not draw a tear from me ?
 Then *Madder, Kid, young Jenkins* too all bled,
 Who for his Youth ought to be pitied ;
 With Doctor *Temple, Spark, and Captain Lisse*
 Kill'd in cold Blood, their malice was so vile ;
 And many hundred others who there fell
 So barbarously, there's scarce a Parallel
 Of Stirs that were in any former Reign,
 Where so much cruelty was ; and leaves a stain
 Upon that time, will ne're be wip't away
 Until the World and all things else decay.
 But notwithstanding so much Blood was shed,
 Some hundreds of poor Souls were banished ;
 Bereaved of their VVives and Children dear,
 And into Forreign Countreys driven were,
 And there exposed to all misery,
 And the severities of Slavery.
 The Husband separated from the VVife,
 Depriv'd of all the joys of humane Life.

Their

Their Goods, and their Estates all forfeited,
And nothing left wherewith to buy them Bread.

But should I all their miseries recount,
They to a mighty number would amount ;
Yet now Great *Nassau's* settled on the Throne,
We do not doubt but he'll regard their moan ;
That on their sorrows he will cast his Eyes,
And of his Princely goodness, ease their cries.

But stay my Muse, for here's more cause of grief,
And I have still more cause of Heav'ns relief,
For now alas ! two Martyrs I espy,
On whom were acted a sad Tragedy.
The one a Person of great worth and name,
A Citizen of *London* of much Fame,
Who by Time serving wretches that would do
What e're might please the Factious Romish Crew.
Was doom'd to death by villainous Evidence,
Though for himself he made a just defence.
Alderman *Cornish* was this worthy man
That thus unjustly suffered. Who now can
Forbear to weep ? or can forbear to tell
What to a pious woman then befel ?
Poor Mistress *Gaunt*, most dear thou wast to me,
Few of thy Sex ever excelled thee
In Zeal, in Knowledge, or in Charity,
Who wast condemn'd a cruel death to die,
Cause thou relievedst men in misery.
These two I must bewail, who in one day
By Romish Treachery were swept away ;

'Gainst whom these Miscreants malice did appear,
Though altogether innocent and clear ;
As doubtless we shall find apparently,
VVhen their Case stated is impartially.

As to the woman 'twill be shewed ere long,
That many ways she suffered much wrong,
VVho by a Jury at *Hucks-Hall* was freed,
Yet at th' *Old-Bailey* 'gainst her they proceed ;
A *London* Jury took her Life away,
VVhich they may answer for another day.

On the same day these worthy Christians fell,
Most of us may remember very well,
That Gods displeasure ere that day was done
Seem'd very evident to every one
That his works doth observe, and mind his hand
In his strange operations in the Land.

O come ye Angels, lend your glorious Stile !
Created Beings to lament a while.
Ye blessed Hosts that sing *Jebovab's* praise,
Assist my Muse in lamentable Phrase ;
For now the City Streets ev'n run with Blood
Of those Just men, who only sought our good.
Ah ! *London*, let all future Ages see
Thy grief, that *Cornish* lost his Life in thee.
Could not their burning thee abate their rage ?
Nor their enslaving thee their wrath asswage ?
Could not Great *Russel's* death them mollifie ?
Nor *Effex*'s murder stop their cruelty ?
VVould not th' inthralling of Great *Brittain* do,
Religion and Liberty to o'rethrow ?

Hast thou not many years triumpht in Blood,
Undoing thousands who most faithful stood
Unto their Countreys Interest, venturing all,
The Common-weal might not to ruine fall?

Oh cursed *Rome*! thou'l soon thy measure fill,
Thy wickedness grows and increases still;
Religion's shame, and all the Worlds great curse,
Why dost thou still proceed from bad to worse?

And now, my Muse, methinks we shan't do right
To worthy Cornish, if we seem to slight
His memory, by a short Encomium
To whom so much is due; therefore let's come,
And in a few lines more expatiate
Upon the circumstances of his Fate.

Ah! *London, London*, did it not surprize?
Couldst thou behold poor *Cornish* with dry Eyes,
Hang'd like a Caitiff on a cursed Tree,
And acted in the very midst of thee?

To good men 'twas a grievous sight we know,
Though to some wretches 'twas a pleasing show.
Although with blushes Angels seem'd to see
This horrid Act; and Heav'n disturb'd to be.

What cheerful looks this excellent Christian had,
As through the Streets he his last Journey made?
So that in triumph he did seem to go
To death, as if he certainly did know
That Angels thence would carry him to bliss,
And place him where no pain nor sorrow is,
To be a Courtier to the King of Kings,
Feeding on joy that from Christ Jesus springs.

The Sun that Morning his bright Beams displays,
And sends upon the Earth his Golden Rays ;
Smiling while those two Worthies here remain,
But seem'd to frown as soon as they were slain.
The Heav'ns their mourning Garments do put on
As if they'd shew, two Innocents were gone.

A Storm of Rain descends from that black Cloud
With dreadful Lightning, and with Thunder loud,
As if incensed Heav'n were in a Flame,
And Christ were coming to dissolve the same ;
Or that the Judge of Judges now was come
(With all his Saints) to give the World its Doom
And wronged Cornish should be try'd again
By upright Jurors of that blessed Train.
And in white Robes of Righteousness appear
Before Heav'n's King, his innocence to clear.
Jebowah's Trumpet sounding shook the Earth,
And to great Floods of Rain with Fire, gave Birth.
Heav'n groan'd in Thunder, and did weep in Showers
Which did continue fiercely many hours :
Nor do I wonder that God thundered so
When two such worthy Martyrs bled below ;
And since the Heav'ns seem so apparently
To justify their Cause, why may not I ?

But stay ! no more of these, for I espy
Another Hero just before mine Eye ;
Condemn'd a Prisoner ever to remain,
Who lay as dead, but now's reviv'd again :
Brave *Johnson*, who can't be omitted here,
A pious Church-man, valiant and sincere :

A Man of Parts and Learning ; a Divine
Who sought his Countreys good as well as mine.
Ah ! was he whipt ? Must he too be a Taster
Of the sharp Rod like to his Blessed Master ?
In vain would envious Clouds his Fame obscure,
Reproach to him doth still more praise procure.
His Lord and Master too, was scourged sore
For bearing Witness to the Truth before ;
Why then do virulent Tongues attempt to stain
The solid Glory which his Soul did gain.

But yet 'tis strange the Mother should consent
Her Sons should suffer such sad punishment. (Foes
Wounds from a Friend strike deep ; but when from
We dis-regard, slight, and contemn their blows.
And since few others move in the defence
Of wounded Honour, and wrong'd Innocence ;
I for the kindness which to thee I bear,
At thy sad Sufferings must drop a tear.
Had all come from a treacherous Enemy
It had not been so great an injury ;
But to be wounded i'th' House of thy Friends,
This, this all other cruelty transceeds :
And then great Soul ! to be degraded too
Was very hard to bear, but that you knew
This oft-times is the way to Dignity,
And Honour doth succeed Humility.

BUT now alas ! new griefs do me surround,
Groans from the North my mournful Soul con-
My Muse must now take wing and swiftly fly,(found,
To have a view of Scotland's misery.

Be silent and attend ; you soon will hear,
 Their dismal cries will penetrate your Ear.
 The Sufferings of my Children here were bad,
 But in that Nation they were far more sad ;
 No place more like to *France* man ever saw,
 Where Arbitrary Power stood for Law.

Men of all Ranks were seized, and did lye
 In noisome Jayls, yet knew no reason why ;
 And to insnare them, swarms of cursed Spies
 Abroad are sent under a false disguise,
 Who strove t' incense them to dislike, and hate
 The King, and all his Ministers of State :
 And to extort some words from them, that so
 They thereby might unwary Souls o'rethow.

If they found any pious, just and good,
 Then many snares were laid to suck their Blood,
 By those vile Emissaries, who were sent
 On purpose to intrap the Innocent,
 Suborned Witnesses employed were,
 Who for their wages any thing would Swear,
 Wherby Mens Lives, Estates and Honours too
 Are all indangered ; were they High or Low.
 The Chiefest Peers, and Worthiest Patriots
 Had many times the most unhappy Lots ;
 Unless they'd be Debaucht, down they must go,
 And suffer as the meanest Rebels do.
 It to Gods Laws Men faithfully do stand,
 And won't be Subject to the Kings command ;
 Refusing what their Conscience offends
 Th' are judg'd, *To Cæsar then to be no Friends.*

Some Men they try'd, and on that very day
Condemned, and their Lives were ta'ne away.
No Pray'r's nor Intercessions will they hear
A little time to grant them, to prepare
For Death ; nay, they did impiously say,
Hell was too good for Rebels, such as they.

Yea, they made Laws the thoughts of men to reach,
Whom of ill words or deeds none could impeach.
If of the Government they evil think,
They of Deaths bitter Cup are sure to drink.
Sometimes they wheedl'd them to a Confession,
Promising Life upon the same condition.
Come, come (say they) freely to us declare
What your conceptions of the Government are,
Speak what you think ; sure you are not afraid,
Nor will disown what you so lately said ?
Dissimble not in matters of your Faith,
Since you remember what the Scripture saith,
That they who won't confess Christ Jesus here,
He will not own them when he does appear.
Subscribe to your Profession ; you shall see
How very kind and merciful we'l be.
Speak man ! and let's your Testimony have,
If you will both your Soul and Body save.

Thus do they mock them with Expostulations,
As Priests and Jesuits do in Popish Nations :
But all the time they hide their cruel hate,
While thus they craftily expostulate.
For in the Council Men concealed stood
To witness what they said, and shed their Blood ;

And

And thus with them they dealt most treacherously,
 And many of their Lives depriv'd thereby.
 And when they came to dye they beat a Drum,
 Lest to the light their wickedness should come.
 A very bad Cause sure, that could not bear
 The dying words of those that Sufferers were ;
 But those that wary are, and won't accuse
 Themselves of ought, they barbarously use
 With Engines of most horrid cruelty
 Tormenting them ; they rather chose to die.
 The torturing Boot, and burning Matches too,
 They made these innocent Souls to undergo ;
 And after all were Sentenc'd unto death,
 And villainously were depriv'd of Breath.
 Some that were guiltless, yet were Sentenced
 To lose their Ears, and then be Banished ;
 And after this again Examin'd were
 Whether to their Opinions they adhere,
 If so ; a second Sentence doth succeed,
 And they are instantly condemn'd to bleed.

Thus multitudes of Men and Families
 Were ruined by such Barbarities,
 Extravagant Fines, and long Imprisonment,
 And all the Hellish ways *Rome* can invent
 Were exercis'd severely on all those
 Who Popery and Slavery durst oppose.

Yea, they not only took their Lives away,
 But their good Name seek likewise to destroy,
 By representing them as Mortal Foes
 T' th' King, and that they did his Power oppose.

Th

Thus was our Saviour dealt with by the Jews,
 And thus did they his blest Apostles use ;
 Hoping, that by their heaping infamy
 Upon good men, they would obnoxious be S
 Unto the Censure of the Mobile ;
 And by this their Infernal Policy
 Induce them all Religion to decry ;
 Especially if they be Men of Name,
 As many were whom they sought to defame ;
 And hereby thought all Piety to root out,
 Their vile Intrigues with ease to bring about ;
 For when Men all Religion do defie,
 They'll quickly suck in *Rome's Idolatry*.

Their wicked Laws good Men must not transgress,
 Nay which is worse ; they force them to profess,
 And to declare, *They just and righteous are,*
And fit to be obey'd; yea they must Swear
They will defend them, and that Power too
That did Enact them; which was hard to do.
 There's one thing more that's grievous to relate,
 Which shews their cruel and malicious hate.
 That finding *Legal Tryals* gainst them slow
 And troublesome, they grant a power to
 The rude ungovern'd Souldiers ; so that they
 Have pow'r to challenge, and examine may
 Whom they think fit, and Oaths likewise impose,
Scotland ne're saw such Justices as those.
 Yea they commanded and enjoined were
 To put to death all such as would not Swear :

Yea

Yea if they would not answer the demands
 Of these leud wretches ; then into their hands
 They fell, who most severely them did use ;
 The French Dragoons could them not worse abuse :
 And in few weeks no less than Fifty dy'd
 Of those that their curst Tyranny decry'd.
 No Judge these Martyr'd Christians did condemn,
 Neither did any Jury pass on them.
 The Souldiers without cause destroy'd them all,
 Which doth aloud to Heav'n for vengeance call :
 They kill and slay without respect to Age
 Or Sex ; to gratifie their brutish rage.
 They raise an Army like to that in *France*,
 Their Arbitrary Power to advance ;
 And the Intrigues of *Rome* to carry on,
 And this for *Scotland's* sorrows makes me moan.

Poor men Free Quarters must provide, or they
 Are plundered, and all is swept away ;
 And many hundred sober Persons were
 Inhumanely destroy'd year after year.
 No former Tyrant scarcely did invent
 More Tortures than good men there under-went ;
 VVhich they must suffer, or must else defile
 Their Consciences with their Opinions vile.
 It seem'd as if Inquisitors were come
 To *Scotland* now from *Spain*, or else from *Rome*.
 Ah ! poor enslaved Land, Ah ! must thou be
 The Scene of Popish Pride and Cruelty ?
 Thy Magistrates are ravening VVolves become,
 Of *Ezau's* Race, fit Instruments for *Rome*.

Thy

Distressed Sion Relieved.

47

Thy Noble Patriots mourn, thy Priests are sad ;
Thy Kirk has lost that Glory which she had.
'Tis good for thee to weigh, and lay to Heart
What caus'd these woes, under which thou dost smart.

Hast thou not been too hot, and too severe,
And hence are forc'd such miseries now to bear ?
Learn wisdom then, and mild and gentle be,
Since God doth never love severity.

If ever he return to thee again,
Let not thy sharpness all thy glory stain.
Let such who can't unite and joyn with thee
Have equal Love, and Christian Liberty ;
Or else at length a fiercer Storm may come,
Than what thou hast already had from *Rome*.
Farewel, poor *Scotland*, for I must be gone ;
And now methinks I hear poor *Ireland* groan :
With a sad Heart I take my leave of thee,
And what is doing there resolve to see.

A H dismal sight ! — What ! all in Popish hands,
Not one good Protestant that here commands ?
Must Wolves be Keepers of my harmless Sheep ?
Take heed, poor Souls ! take heed, and do not sleep.
Ah ! now I see what the King did intend ;
Is this the love and kindness of a Friend ?
Did he pretend, all should have equal share
Of Trust and Honour ? how does this appear ?
Yet let their Honour go ; if that were all,
I should not care ; but when to mind I call
The sad and dismal year of Forty One ;
And what by *Irish Papists* then was done.

I

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'Tis good for thee to weigh, and lay to Heart
What caus'd these woes, under which thou dost smart.

Hast thou not been too hot, and too severe,
And hence are forc'd such miseries now to bear ?
Learn wisdom then, and mild and gentle be,
Since God doth never love severity.
If ever he return to thee again,
Let not thy sharpnes all thy glory stain.
Let such who can't unite and joyn with thee
Have equal Love, and Christian Liberty ;
Or else at length a fiercer Storm may come,
Than what thou hast already had from *Rome*.
Farewel, poor *Scotland*, for I must be gone ;
And now methinks I hear poor *Ireland* groan :
With a sad Heart I take my leave of thee,
And what is doing there resolve to see.

AH dismal sight ! —— What ! all in Popish hands,
Not one good Protestant that here commands ?
Must Wolves be Keepers of my harmless Sheep ?
Take heed, poor Souls ! take heed, and do not sleep.
Ah ! now I see what the King did intend ;
Is this the love and kindness of a Friend ?
Did he pretend, all should have equal share,
Of Trust and Honour ? how does this appear ?
Yet let their Honour go ; if that were all, **T H U S**
I should not care ; but when to mind I call,
The sad and dismal year of Forty One ;
And what by *Irish Papists* then was done.

I cannot think my Children safe to be,
Whilst only such are in Authority.

Is't fit such bloody Butchers should bear sway,
Whose Hearts were never changed to this day.
Here's not a Constable, ev'n so mean a place,
But what is of the *Irish Popish Race*.

I fear (dear Children) if God don't appear,
Your utter ruin now approaches near.

I cannot but lament when I behold
These hungry Lions compassing my Fold :
If Heav'n don't them deter, and soon prevent,
You will ere long be all in pieces rent.

But yet cheer up, I long expected have
The Lion of the North will come to save
Both me and mine, and will great Wonders do,
Protecting of these Lands from overthrow.

The Chicken of the Eagle will appear,
And vanquish all my Foes both far and near ;
When you of him have Tidings, weep no more,
For your Redemption then is at the door.

I can't stay longer ; here my Eye doth glance,
To pity my poor Children too in *France* :
But should I dive into their State, I fear
I should want strength their miseries to bear.

BUT other grounds of grief are in mine Eye,
Which cause my sorrows to advance so high,
That my o're-burthen'd Heart can scarce express
The nature of my inward heaviness.

Sion's Friend.

*Sion, thy sad and bitter lamentation,
Does move my very Heart unto compassion ;
But say, what cause does aggravate your fears,
And thus provokes to further cries and tears.*

Sion.

*Oh if my Head were waters, and each Eye
A Springing Fountain I could drein 'em dry.
I'm steep'd in brackish Floods, nay almost drown'd
To see how Sin does ev'ry where abound.
This was my cry and moan Eight years ago,
And worse since that I find these evils grow ;
Therefore must repeat them o're again,
For these alas do *England's* Glory stain,
And bring reproach likewise on my blest name,
The grief of Heaven, and my Childrens shame.*

*'Where-e're I am, I nought can see or hear,
But that which doth my Soul in pieces tear.
It breaks my Heart that *England* thus should be
A Scene for th' *Actors* of Debauchery.
What perpetrations of the *blackest* Crimes
Appear not bare-fac'd in our present times ?
Though God (incens'd) has fearful Judgments sent
To humble men, and move them to repent ;
Yet they proceed in foul impenitence,
And aggravate their horrid insolence ;
Seeming to bid defiance unto Heaven,
Scorning to take the dreadful warnings given.*

The

- ‘ The ſweeping *Plague* (that Meſſenger of wrath)
- ‘ In ſuch as ſcap’d ſmall Reformation hath
- ‘ Produc’d ! nor has the defolating *Fire*
- ‘ (A perfect token of Gods flaming *Ire*,)
- ‘ Burnt up the *Cities Pride*; ‘twas great before,
- ‘ And now it ſeems to multiply much more.
- ‘ Fantafteſt *Garbs* and *Antick Modes* declare,
- ‘ How much from *Pride* their *Souls reformed* are.
- ‘ Should any *Women* have ſuch *Children Born*
- ‘ With ſuch *Attire* as on their *Heads* are worn,
- ‘ Would it not them affright and terrifie ?
- ‘ God may do ſo if you don’t ſpeedily
- ‘ Reform your *Lives*, and cast your *Fashions off*,
- ‘ Which make ill men at you revile and scoff.
- ‘ Though *Want*, though *Poverty*, and loss of *Trade*
- ‘ Do many Men and Families invade ;
- ‘ Yet do they vaunt in *Pride* and *Luxury*,
- ‘ As they had *Mines* of *Treasure* lying by.
- ‘ Some know not what to *eat*, nor how to *go*,
- ‘ Yet on the *Poor* will no compassion show.
- ‘ (Whose unregarded *cries*, unheeded *moans*,
- ‘ Whose unreleiv’d *distress*, unpity’d *groans*,
- ‘ Can scarce extort a *Mite*) ſuch do not grudge
- ‘ To purchase Hell at deareſt rates and drudge
- ‘ To please their brutiſh *Luſts*, who void of *measure*,
- ‘ Consume Estates to *wantonize* in pleasure ;
- ‘ Tumbling in Riot (as proud *Dives* ſate)
- ‘ Whilſt *Lazarus* lies ſtarving at the *Gate*.

A Complaint against Oaths.

V
Olleys of Oaths with horrid Blasphemy,
And dreadful Curslings in mine Ears do cry.
Mark but our impious Gallants when they meet,
Observe the Mode, how they each other greet ;
What new-coin'd Oaths ? what modish Execrations ?
What Damning, Sinking, horrid Imprecations
Do they disgorge ? the Serpents flery hiss
That belches Sulphur from the black Abyss
Can scarce out-do this Ranting Tribe, who count
The Man Genteel that is most Paramount
In wickedness ; he that Blasphemeth aloud.
Christ's Blood and Wounds, a Courtier's Almoe.
How can th' abused Earth but gape again,
To swallow quick, vile wretches so prophanè ?
How can Heavens great Artillery so long
Forbear the Treasons of a Mortal Tongue ?
Jebovab's Attributes so vilely us'd,
His Sacred Essence, and his Name abus'd.
Fresh Blasphemies they mint, new Curses frame,
And sins that never had before a name
Graduates in Courtship are preferr'd, who 'ave made
Most quick proficience in the Hellish Trade :
That Rant and Roar, Revel and Domineer,
As if nor God, nor Devil they did fear.
Approaching dangers can't disturb their pleasure,
But still they sin until they fill their measure.

Judgments deferr'd in evil makes them bold,
Despising such by whom they are controul'd ;
As if th' avenging hand their Lives did spare,
Thus to provoke him without dread or fear.

But poor Blasphemer, though thou art past by,
'Tis not t'indulge thee in iniquity.
Think'st thou the God of purity does like
Such ways, because he yet forbears to strike ?
Dost think a gloomy interposing Cloud,
From Gods All-searching Eye can be thy shroud ?
Or that because he is inthron'd on high,
Thy deeds of darkness he cannot espy ?
Or since his Judgments are so long delay'd,
Wilt thou proceed, and be no whit afraid ?
Wilt thou his patience without end abuse,
Slight true Repentance, and his Grace refuse ?
If so, thy Judgment hastens——for a Rod
Will quickly reach thee from an angry God,
Because of Oaths the Land does greatly mourn,
For which my Soul much inward grief has born.

A Complaint against Drunkenness.

Dost thou not see how filthy Drunkenness
Does reign in City, and in Villages ?
Some reel and wallow in the Streets like Swine,
Whilst others boast their strength in drinking Wine ;
Although to such God dōth denounce a curse,
They mind it not, but still grow worse and worse :

Dread

Dread not Examples of Gods wrath at all,
Nor what to Drunkards does so oft befall :
Although Gods Word has fearful warnings given,
That Drunkards never shall inherit Heaven,
But that their Lot shall with damn'd Spirits be
In Chains of darkness to Eternity.

They Drink, Carouse, and waste their jolly Breath
Upon the brink of *Everlasting death.*

What-e're ensues, they are resolv'd they will
Carouse full Goblets, and be filthy still.

Thus men by *Pride, by Oaths, by Worldliness,*
By daily swallowing Liquor to Excess

Defile the Land, and do the Lord provoke,
To cause his vengeance on the Land to smoke.

Sin sets the door wide open, and makes way
For all the sorrows of th' approaching day,

These are in part the cause of *Englands woe,*
And will (if Grace prevents not) it undo :

But there are other heinous Sins behind,
Which pierce my Bowels, and perplex my Mind.

A Complaint against Whoredom and Adultery.

DID filthy Lust and Whoredom ever rage
With more success than in the present Age ?
Abominations of so vile a name,
That their bare mention is indeed a shame.
What Sin more hateful in Jebovah's Eye,
Than this of Whoredom and Adultery ?

'Tis rank'd as chief, and marches in the Van
 Of all the gross Debaucheries of Man,
 In those black Muster-Rolls God does Record,
 Of grand offences in his holy Word ;
 What more affronts the *second Table*? or
 Provokes the Lord ? No fitter Metaphor
 Could be produc'd t' express *Idolatry*,
 Than that abhorred name *Adultery*.

Besides the terrors of Gods fiery wrath,
 Which judges such to Everlasting death ;
 On Earth amongst all sober men, they gain
 So vile a blot, so infamous a stain,
 That all the waters in the Sea can never
 VVipe off; nor can it be forgot for ever.

The leud Embraces of Lascivious Dames
 VVill rot their Bones, breed Cankers in their *names*,
 Beget consumption in Estate and Purse,
 Produce destruction, and a certain curse :
 The common ends that such arrive unto
 Are foul Diseases, Beggery and VVoe.

They're sottish Fools (says wise *Demosthenes*)

That buy Repentance at such rates as these :

VWho Sin to please an Enemy, that strives
 To damn their Souls, and rob them of their Lives.

God in his Sacred * Ordinances hath

Appointed such to an immediate Death.

VWould men but judge it as their greatest Foe,

They'd never love nor hug it as they do.

Each Sex is bad, but VWomen seem to be

The very Brokers of Immodesty ;

* Lev. 20.

10.

VVhich

Which makes that passage to be born in mind,
Wise and vertuous Woman who can find?
our City Dames and Ladies are on Fire
With wanton Passion, and unchast Desire,
Providing Meats on purpose to inflame

Their pamper'd Gallants to their wonted shame.
Are Breasts and naked Necks a Harlots Dress,
Are strong Temptations unto wickedness.

All other Sins (th' Apostle does declare)

Which men commit without the Body are :

But this abominable Act alone,
Against his Body by a man is done.

Marriage to all, the undefiled Bed,
Is honourable ; he that will may Wed,
But Whoremongers God judges ; and they shall
Be cast into the Lake, both great and small,
The Wiseman calls th' Adulterer a Fool,
And well he may, for he destroys his Soul.

No Fools like them ; though branded still they shew
The marks of folly, wherefo're they go.

O how th' unclean and brutish man exceeds
Inferior Sinners in reproachful deeds !

My grievances are many, and my fear
Is more than my distressed Soul can bear :
My panting Breast and akeing Heart is sad,
To think of what I further have to add.

A Complaint against Atheism.

BUT O amazing Master-piece of wonder !
 That's like to rend my very Heart asunder,
 When I consider that an Age of Light
 Produces Monsters blacker than the Night :
A cursed Tribe of wretched *Atheists* dare
 Without all *dread* and *reverential fear*,
 Strike at the *Essence* of the Great Jehovah,
 And all the *Glories* that reside Above,
 As if meer *fancies* of a *cloudy Brain*,
 And all Religion an *Intrigue* of *Man* :
 That dare pronounce all *Evangelick Law*.
A trick of State to keep the World in awe,
 Creating Idols in their Brains ; that even
 Make *mocks* of *Hell*, and a meer *scorn* of *Heaven*.
 But can such *fancies* challenge an abode
 Within your Heart to *dis-believe a God* ?
 On th' *Universal Fabrick* cast an Eye,
 The Sea, the Earth, and the expanded Sky :
 Can so sublime illustrious an *Effect*
 Be form'd without a Glorious *Archite&t* ?
 If Reason be your Rule, true Logicks Laws
 Pronounce *Effects* resulting from a *Cause*,
 Whose order leads us to Infinity,
 Sure Arguments of a Divinity.
 Created things must a Creator have ;
 And that Begetter who first *Being* gave

Unto all Essences can't be Begot ;
He's therefore God, and other else is not.
This *causa prima*, without time or date,
We do believe could not himself Create,
And therefore hence we do conclude that he
Must have his *Essence* from Eternity.

Who can make *Phœbus* his swift course reverse ?
Or Ballance in his Palm the Universe ?
Who can the Ocean in a Sieve confine ?
If none can do't then none can God define.
First Principles are beyond definition ;
No Logick reaches at so high a Vision :
'Tis unreveal'd to Reason, for no strain
Of lofty Metaphysicks can contain
Those Mysteries ; true Wisdom therefore hath
Commanded Reason to give room to Faith.
If what we see had not a first Creator,
Then 'tis its own immediate Operator ;
If so, it Acts before it had a Being :
But such conclusions are too dis-agreeing
With Reasons Maxims : For all things that be,
May say they are their own Divinity,
If each can make it self, and that which can
Create it self, can so it self sustain
In infinitum, and will ne're dissolve
It self ; for Natures principal Resolve
Is, that no Essence will forbear to be,
If it can keep up its own Entity.
This strain of Atheistick Sophistry
Makes all of equal Independancy

Without Subordination : 'Tis a Theme,
 Without inferior, making all Supreme.
First CAUSE supposes time, and time supposes
 Some second *Acts* which after time discloses.
 So view their Series, you may trace them all
 (As links in Chains) to their Original
 The Great *JEHOVAH*; whose unfathom'd Glory
 Is Emblem'd in the Universe before ye.

There is a thing in Man call'd CONSCIENCE,
 Which of his Actions gives clear Evidence,
 Whether he likes or not that's ready still
 To check the course of his disorder'd will :
 It is Eccentric to his sensual part,
 Arraigns his words, his deeds, his very heart ;
 And if it finds they be irregular,
 It does pursue them with continual War.
 What can this just, this inward witness be,
 But some bright Beam of a Divinity ?

In former times was not *jebowab* known
 By Miracles which visibly were shewn ?
 Can Reason brag that Causes natural
 Could raise the dead ? or that a Word can call
 An *Intomb'd Carcase* to behold the Light ?
 Make sound a Cripple ? give the *Blind* their sight ?
 If not, then surely it will follow hence,
 That 'tis an *Act* of some Omnipotence :
 That such were done we have the common Vote
 Of Pagans, Jews, and all the Men of Note,
 Whose Works are Extant, whom we may believe,
 Because they had no *int'rest* to deceive.

Whence

Whence come those *Judgments* which you daily hear,
Of *wrath* and *vengeance* darted every where
Against *Prophaners* of that *Sacred Name* ?
Whence come those *Arrows*, that *consuming Flame*
Which terrifies the *World* ? and whence the *Breath*
That strikes *Blasphemers* with a sudden *Death* ?
Which of these rare *Philosophers* can show
What makes the *spacious deep* to *Ebb* and *Flow* ?
Let them produce their *Maxims*, if they can,
How scatter'd *Atoms* can compose a *Man* ?
Who brandishes those *blazing Signs of wunder* ?
Who frights the *Earth* with rapid peals of *Thunder* ?
Who did defeat the fatal *Enterprize*
Which *Rome* by *Devils Council* did devise ?
Who sets the *Comets* in the *angry Sky*,
Those dismal *Harbingers* of *mifery* ?
God does himself by many ways make known,
Fore-warning men of what's a coming on :
Set senseless *Mortals* faulter more and more,
Though hovering *vengeance* threaten at the door,
Deceit, *Soul-killing-Errors*, *Perjury*,
Injustice, *Murder*, *Theft*, *Hypocrisie*,
Do so abound through our enlightened Isle,
That *Sodom* hardly e're appear'd more vile.

A Complaint against Hypocrites.

I am not only Persecuted by
My open Foes, but lurking Snakes do lye

VVithin

VVithin my Bosom, using all their Art
 To seize my Vitals, and corrode my Heart.
 Such seeming Friends, such *Traytors* in *disguise*,
 Are more malignant than *known* Enemies :
 For the Attaques of these, a man may VVard ;
 Those unsuspected, stand within our Guard.
 How many seem to reverence my name,
 For worldly Ends, or to avoid the shame
 Of Irreligion ? frequently they go
 To worship God, and so devout do show
 As if meer *Saints* ; but *Hypocrites* in grain,
 Do all the while Intelligence maintains,
 VVith my declared Foes, who proudly join,
 And all their Politicks in one combine,
 To root my name from off the very Earth,
 And make provision that no more get Birth ;
 Betray'd by middle and by *low degrees*,
 But most of all by *Capital Grandees*.
 Such as my peace and safety should procure,
 Contribute most to make me unsecure :
 Such seem their *purpose* by soft words to smother ;
So-Boatmen look one way, but row another.
 Such perjur'd Statesmen have the Art to smile
 Upon my Face, but cut my Throat the while.
But grant, dread Sovereign of the Universe,
That whilst I weep my grievances in Verse,
Thy Sion's interest may not be betray'd
To Rome, by Protestants in Masquerade.
O let me hear the joyful Trumpet sounded,
That does proclaim their Babylon confounded.

Rome's black Militia is all up in Arms,
Annoying Europe in unusual swarms.
This critick moment they expect and hope,
To thrust Me out, and introduce a Pope
To plague this Noble Nation, that has been
A VVall, a Fort, a Counterscarp between
Their bawling Canons most impetuous shots,
And Forreign States, that countermimes their Plots.
The desp'rate Archers are aware of this,
They know that England the chief Bulwark is,
To check their growth : If they could make it sup
Th' invenom'd dregs of th' Antichristian Cup,
They judge it easie ~~to~~ subdue the rest
Of my European Gospel-interest.

But Oh ! my melting, Soul-tormenting fears
Burst into sighs, and bubble into tears.
Observe the Heavens ! view that dreadful mark
Of flaming vengeance that precedes the dark
Approach of night ! can this vast Comet be
Ought but the Prologue of calamity ?
Prodigious Meteors, blazing fiery Stars,
Are Heraulds sent to menace open VVars
Against rebellious and polluted Coasts,
By him who is the mighty Lord of Hosts.
Awake O England ! this Letbargick sleep
Is out of Season, 'tis a time to weep ;
'Tis guilty Children tremble at the Rod,
Can you be stupid when the angry God
Sets up this dreadful Ensign of his wrath ?
Rouze up Repentance, let a lively Faith

Now go to work ; see how the *preaching Air*,
 Instead of finning, does exhort to *Prayer* :
 For thy *fantastick Garbs*, *Perfumes*, and all
 Thy other *trash*, it doth for *Sackcloth* call :
 From *carnal sports* it bids thee quickly get,
 Calls from the *Taverns* to the *Mercy seat*.
 From that accursed *Randezvous* of *Lust*
 It bids thee *basten*, and *repent in dust*.
 Have not th' experience of *past Ages* given
 Their sad *remarks* upon these *Signs* in *Heaven* ?
 VVhat follow'd still, but *certain spoil of Nations*,
Plagues, *Fire and Sword*, and other *devastations* ?
 The sure *Eversion* of some *potent Crown* ;
 The death of *Heroes*, *Monarchs* tumbled down.

But thou *Illustrious Architeet* of *wonder*,
 Remove the *sorrows* which I *labour under*.
 Does this *amazing Prodigy* betoken
 That *Rampant Babel* shall be quickly broken ?
 Does it portend that *Antichrist* shall break
 In pieces, striving to *destroy the weak*
Remains that on this *blesled name* do call ?
 Or does't presage that (trembling) I shall fall ?
 Lord canst thou see thy *pleasant Vineyard* tore,
 And rooted up, by this *rapacious Boar* ?
 Or have my *Childrens* crying *sins* provok'd
 That *dismal sentence*, not to be revok'd.
 (Gods methods were to *chasten*, not *destroy*
 Those *finning Souls* in whom he once took *joy*.)
 O give thy linking Church a *true discerning*
 VVhat thou dost mean by this *prodigious warning* :

That

That by thy Spirits sacred Flame calcin'd,
By Scourges mended, and by heat refin'd,
We may find Grace, and all our ways amend,
For some strange change this doubtless doth portend.

Sion's Friend.

This was first published eight years ago,
Just as God did that Fiery Meteor shew;
And when amaz'd at that astonishing sight,
What you have read, I moved was to write,
What in my judgment it might signify,
Though I did ne're pretend to Prophecy;
But yet we see some things since come to pass,
Of what so plainly then predicted was:
A dismal hour of darkness did appear,
And from that time increased every year;
Which England, nor Gods Witneses before
Did ever see; nor I hope ne're will more.
Our Governments Foundation up was torn,
Our famous City stript, and left forlorn.
Good men turn'd out of Office without cause,
And those employ'd who violate those Laws
Which only can the Subject's Right secure,
And England did sad Slavery to endure.

Gods Witneses have likewise since been slain,
Though they are lately brought to Life again.
Yea, what a wondrous strange Catastrophe
Has since befall'n Great Britain's Monarchy
And what a blow is thereby given to Rome?
We may presage what further is to come;

For

Distrifled Sion Relieved.

For I don't doubt ere its effects are o're,
The Church of Rome shall fall and rise no more.
And though proud Lewis triumph, let him know
It may foretel his final overbrow.
The Turks have felt the sad effects, and shall
(Unless they own the truth) entirely fall.
No Comet (I believe) did e're fore-show
More good that unto Protestants should grow.

But lest I should appear unkind to be
In stopping Sion's groans in misery,
I will forbear; that she may yet relate
What for some years has been her direful state;
And shew what grief she now does labour under,
Which seems to break her very Heart asunder.

Dear Mother pray be pleased to proceed,
For to your words I'll give attentive heed.

Sion.

Your news is good ; but Oh! my Spirits faint,
Finding such doleful causes of complaint.
My panting Soul renewed grief doth feel,
My feeble knees beneath their burden reel.
Such are the black enormities and crimes
Which do attend these dark and gloomy times ;
Although I see a Parliament most just,
Yet I alas lye covered in the dust.

*This was in Eighty when thou couldst not see
The Saviour which God had prepar'd for thee.*
I am beset within, and round about,
Nor can I see how God will bring about

Deliverance;

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Deliverance ; for my Enemies are strong,
And snares have laid to ruin me ere long.
And since my sins, and Englands are so great,
It may God move to leave his Mercy-Seat,
And give us up into *Rome's* Hellish power,
To be destroy'd in this most dismal hour.
And if at this time we preserved be,
When *Rome* attacks us with such subtlety ;
Playing (with so much malice) her last Game,
We ought to praise the great Jehovahs Name.
Since nothing but a Miracle can do this,
So very dangerous our condition is.

Sion's Children.

Ah Mother ! who can disallow your moan,
The Cause is just ; for every one must own
Our failing great, and that our sins provoke
Impending Judgments, and a future stroke,
If interceding Mercy step not in
To Ward the blow, and Cancel all our sin.
But since amazing Providence now gives light,
And makes appear the dark Intrigues o'th' night.
Since Heav'n exposes the results of *Rome*
To publick notice ; since the Traytors come
To Legal Execution ; since the Grand
Contrivers of these mischiefs, dare not stand
The Test of Law, or due Examination ;
1680. Since such brave Hero's represent the Nation,
Whose Clear, Sagacious, penetrating Eyes,
Dive into *Rome's* abhorred Mysteries.

Whose

VVhose Noble Souls, whose Loyal English Hearns,
 The closest sleights of Antichristian Arts
 Can ne're deceive ; whose brave resolves defeat
 Those curs'd Delinquents, whether small or great.
 VVhose Free-born courages do scorn to stoop
 To be the Vassals of a doting Pope,
 An upstart Vicar whose Pow'r ne're was given,
 By binding Laws of either Earth or Heaven.
 VVe therefore, (Dearest Mother,) do conclude,
 That what has past of Romish interlude,
 Is near an Exit; That the Scene will be
 Chang'd from a Tempest to Serenity.

This was writ in 1680. respecting the Worthy English Parliament then Siting. Such were our hopes then.

Sion.

O that's a *Cordial* ! but my *grief* does borrow
 Some fresh *objections* to renew my sorrow ;
 For some that *wish me well*, do yet in spite
 Of *Gospel-beamings*, and the *clearest Light*
 Retain some *Romish fragments* which displeases
 The meek, the humble, self-denying JESUS.
 His way of worship Scripture does express,
 No useless Pomp, no Artificial Dress
 Becomes Religion ; Chastity abhors
 The *Garb*, the *Painting*, and the *Gate of Whores*.
 VVhy should my Friends a Virgin-Church pollute
 VVith any Relicks of that Prostitute ?
 VVhy gawdy things, that never had their name
 In Sacred Records, our Profession shame ?

VVhy

Why are our *Rites* enamell'd with their *gloss* ?
Why, must our *Gold* be mingled with their *dross* ?
Why, *further Reformation* is supprest,
T' uphold a *Grandeur* that's *Usurp'd* at best ?
Why *doors* and *windows* must be shut up quite,
To stop the radiance of its *further Light* ?
And why must such as disallow those tricks,
Be branded as the *vilest Schismaticks* ?

But that's not all ; my Children (more refin'd
From those corruptions,) do afflict my mind.
Oh depths of sorrow that disturb my rest !

Oh racking grief that rends my woful Breast !

Some are so carnal, some so swiftly hurl'd
Into the *Lab'rinth*s of th' enticing *World*,
That in the hurries of that crowded *Road*,
They find small leisure to attend their *God* ;
Preferring filthy gain, and ill-got wealth,
Before the means of their *Eternal health*.

Some that in words respect me, I behold,
In that sad posture, betwixt hot and cold :
Sometimes they seem for sanctity ; sometimes
Slide with the current of prevailing crimes :
Their Pulses beat with an alternate motion ;
Now for the *world*, then for some faint *devotion* :
Some that unto my Tabernacle were
Admitted, left me for *Egyptians* fare :
These not content with my Celestial Diet,
Do run with others to excess of Riot .
Some to be *popular*, away would give
Those *Gospel-duties* that are *positive* :

From such as these, my sorrows do increase,
 That sell Gods order for a seeming peace ;
 Allow such gaps as do pervert the Laws
 Of my just Right, and well-defended Cause.
 But O ! how many *easy Christians* take
 Their *rest in forms*, and no *distinction* make
 'Twixt shell and kernel, that rely on Duty,
 As if it were the sole adorning Beauty.
 Such give the Lord the more invalid part,
 Present their Bodies, but deny their Heart.

Are not some *Pastors* careless to provide
A Word in Season, for the *Flocks* they guide ?
 Some are too backward to supply the *need*
 Of *painful Lab'rs*, that their *Souls* do feed :
 Discourag'd by close-fisted *Avarice*,
 Despis'd, neglected, through this *Hellish Vice*.
 My Workmen languish, and have cause of moan,
 To see their *toyl* so ineffectual grown.
 The most pathetick Preaching scarce can move
 Some *Rocky bearers* to the Grace of *Love*.
 Must *bag-fac'd Envy*, and *foul-tongu'd Detraction*,
 Invenom'd *Malice*, and unfaithful *Action*,
 Ill-grounded *Slander*, and uncertain *Rumors*,
 Backbiting, *Quarrels*, and the worst of *Humors*
 Be practic'd thus ? Ah grief of griefs to see
Professing people act iniquity
 To such a pitch ! — some *Husbands* and some *Wives*
 Do lead such shameful, such unsavoury Lives ;
 Whilst mutually at strife, they do impeach
 That name that should be very dear to each.

such pride, such churlish *reprobation*
For every toy, such sharpness and contention,
As does disgrace *Religion*, and does lay
Blocks and offences in a *Convert's* way.
Ah! why can't we in Families eschew
That which *meer Heathens* are ashamed to do?
Their Houses are the Scene of *Civil Wars*,
Of Brawls, of Discord, and *Domestick Jars* ;
In Grace or Comfort can they find increase,
Or *Heavenly Blessings*, who are void of peace?

How oft do *Parents* ill Example draw
Their tender Children to infringe the Law,
And Sanctions of the Everlasting God?
Do they not spoil them when they spare the Rod?
To strange Extreams some Parents do adhere,
Check not at all, or else are too severe:
On *Back* and *Belly* they bestow much cost,
But care not if their precious Souls be lost :
Are they not guilty of prodigious folly
That teach them *Courtship*, and neglect what's *holy*?
A Child untutor'd (a *meer lump of sin,*)
May justly curse its cause of having been.
Such as instruct, do doubly them beget,
By timely Lessons lab'ring to defeat
Their growth in ill; such cure their *better part*
(By wise prevention) of a *canker'd Heart*.
Oh! then's the time to give 'em Form and Mold,
For Trees admit no bending that are old ;
Who timely sow such Seed they would have grow,
Will surely reap according as they sow.

Some like the Ape, that does by hugging kill,
Prompt on a Child to tip his Tongue with ill
In his first prattle ; but it is less pain,
To form good habits, than reform the vain.
On th' other hand, how many Children do
Prove vain, rebellious, disobedient to
Their *godly Parents* ? slight their careful teaching,
Make sport of Prayer, and a mock of Preaching ?
Contempt of Parents, of what kind so e're,
Contracts a bitter curse, which every where
Will find them out. But Oh my akeing Soul
Beats sad Alarms of grief ! I must condole
The dismal Fate of Youth ! alas how few
The ways of God and holiness pursue !
But very eager to obey the Devil,
In quickly Learning every reigning evil ;
Here you may see if you survey the Nation,
Our youth grown old in vile Abomination :
Such early Graduates in the Hellish Science,
Setting both Heaven and Hell at loud defiance.
Let Grace and Virtue grovel in the dust,
Their Youth and Strength they'l Sacrifice to Lust :
That Sacred Precept in the Word of Truth,
To mind their Maker in the days of Youth
They scorn to heed : Ah Fools ! that would begin
Conversion, when they can no longer Sin ;
But know, preposterous Souls ; the day of Doom
(That dreadful Audit of Accounts) will come.
How dare you run this vile career till Death,
Like a grim Serjeant, comes t' arrest your Breath ?

When your Tongues falter, and your Eye-strings crack,
When stings of horror do your Conscience rack,
When Hells *Abyss* sets ope its spacious *Gate*,
And *Troops of Devils* round about you wait.
When nought but *horror* and *confusion* seizes
Upon your Sences ? when those *foul Diseases*
You got by *vile Debauches* have at length
Destroy'd your Persons, and subdu'd your *Strength* ;
Is this a Season to detest your *Leudness*,
To talk of *Vertue*, or pretend to *Goodness*?
Egregious Fools ! how dare you to delay
Your Souls Affairs to that *uncertain day*?
Oh ! can you trust so *grand a work* to that
Moment of *anguish* ? when you know not what
(When sound) your end will be, nor yet how soon,
Though brisk at Morning, you may die ere Noon :
And it unchang'd, your certain *doom* will be
To lye in *Hell* to all *Eternity*.

Sion's Children.

O dismal state ! O miserable case !
Enough to daunt all that are void of grace !
And crush the bragging of the stoutest mind !
But are there still more grievances behind ?

Sion.

Still more behind ! O that there were no more !
Since they're too many that I've told before :
Masters and *Servants*, *Kings* and *Subjects* err
In their *Relation* : does not each prefer

Base selfish Ends to gratifie a Lust,
Before what's honest, and supremely just.

Sion's Friend.

Thus, thus I'm sure it was that year when I
Publischt that Book of Sion's Misery ;
For King and People strangely were misled,
And the curst Popish Plot near smothered ;
And many other horrid shameless crimes
I' th' Land were perpetrated in those times,
But I'll have done ; (Dread Matron) pray declare
What th' other Motives of your sorrows are.

Sion.

Ah ! how much time by Christians is spent
In fruitless idle talk ? how negligent
In holy conference ? strange to each other !
How dull is each to quicken up his Brother
In Gospel-duties ? O ! how few do nourish
That Love and Zeal which heretofore did flourish ?
A Love whose flaming heat and gen'rous rays
(Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
Pious discourses may reclaim the vile ;
But they are hardn'd in their sins the while
Christians converse like them, and rather learn
Their vicious tricks, than teach them to discern
The dismal snares and perils that do lurk
In sinful words, and every evil work.
Some are so covetous that they would grasp
The World in Arm-fulls till their latest gasp.

Som

ome full of *Envie*, others do express
Their *Lust* on dainties, feeding to Excess :
So nice and delicate in choice of Meat,
Whilst their poor Brethren scarce have *Bread* to eat.

Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To sum their *Shop-books*, but neglect the *Heart* ;
For that they think there's time enough, and look
But seldom to the Reck'nings of that *Book*.

How many come for *fashion sake* to hear ?
What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loyter* in their *Christian Race*,
Profusely squandering the day of Grace ?
Many like Drones on others *toyl* do live,
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.
What *Lying*, *Cheating*, *Couz'ning* and *Deceit*
Do Traders use ? Oh ! how they over-rate
What they would sell ? but if they be to buy,
They under-value each commodity.

But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*
Be found in Christians ? must each *Apish Fashion*
Bewitch their *Minds* when God is so Express,
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress.

Prayer that *sacred Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers Glory, and on high does mount,
Is made by many but of small account.
Tis that which carries our desires to God,
And comes down fraughted with a blessed load
Of sweet returns ; yet 'tis much disrespected,
And *Closet Prayer* too too much neglected.

Scriptures themselves are slighted and disus'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd :
Helping the weak, is turn'd into its slighting,
Gospel-reproofs perverted to Backbiting.
Many that do ~~of~~ God his *Mercy* crave,
Yet on the *needy* little *Mercy* have.
They own they 've Blessings from the God of Love,
• Yet too too many do unthankful prove.

Some follow *whimsies* that do nearly border
Upon *confusion*, and *despise* all order :
Such on all *sacred Institutions* trample,
Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example* ;
As if 'twere low for an *exalted mind*,
To be to Gods declared will confin'd ;
But can these *men of Rapture* make pretence
That they have more *Divine intelligence*
Than all th' illustrious Saints, as *Prophets*, *Priests*,
Apostles, *Martyrs* and *Evangelists*,
That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*,
And strictly practic'd all the *Duties* given
Unto the Churc'h ; which are without *repeal*?
But if they're *disanul'd* who did *reveal*
Their *Abrogation* to these bold *pretenders*?
Gods Laws are *sound*, and need no *humane menders*.

But Oh ! that *dismal evil* that's behind,
Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind*,
It is *Division*; that unhappy *word*
Has done more mischief than a *Popish Sword*
Could ever do; Oh ! that a *sweet Communion*
(At least of Love) did but compleat our *Union*.

Why should licentious heat, my *Children hurry*
To those Extreams ? must they each other worry
For trivial things ? do they not all agree
In fundamentals of Divinity ?

Is there no room for *Love* ? or must that *grace*
Among my *Children* have no proper place ?
Why is one Christian angry with his *Brother*
If not so tall as he ? or with another,
Because his *face* is not so *white* as his ?

Or that his *habit* not so *gawdy* is ?
Alas ! no folly can be more *absurd*,
Nor more exploded in Gods *holy word*.

All should to *Gospel-purity* adhere ;

But to *calumniate*, *vilifie* and *jeer*

All such as are not of their *very pitch*,

Is *Anti-gospel*, and a *practice* which

The Lord *abhors* ; If causes of *Dissent*

Evert not *Truth*, nor shake the *Fundament*

Of true *Religion*, why such *angry bawling* ?

Suck *odious nick-names*, and such *vile miscalling*.

Who dares intrude into the *Judgment-seat*

Of God Almighty who is only great,

And only judgment gives ; to him belongs

To pass the sentence, and to punish wrongs.

Why cannot Christians with each other bear ?

Among Apostles some *dissentions* were ;

But did they therefore *Persecute* each other ?

These *Mortal conflicts*, *Brother* against *Brother*,

Destroy our *safety*, for they set a *gap*

Open for *Rome*, that would us all *intrap*

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In fatal snares : their *Maxim* is we know,
Divide and rule, distract and overthrow.
Their crafty Agents do creep in among
Our heedless parties, and divide the throng,
That with more ease they may us all devour,
Destroy our Nation, and subvert our Power.
Why therefore do not Protestants agree
As one, against the common Enemy ?
Who waits with bloody hand t' involve 'em all,
In one destruction Epidemical.

Sion's Children.

Ab Mother ! who can remedy your grief ?
For this Disease admits of no relief.

Sion.

Of no relief ? O then my Heart must break !
Unless my Sons their Mothers counsel take,
Which will those fatal flaming beats allay,
Obstruct their growth, and take 'em clear away.
Oh ! can a Mothers tears and woful cries
Be disregarded in her Childrens Eyes ?
Can English Protestants, who do profess
To serve one God in truth and holiness,
Slight all my wishes, and requests despise ?
Oh ! hearken to my counsel and be wise :
Let wrathful Pride, and foolish Self-conceit ;
Let Quibbles and Sophistical Deceit
Be quite exploded : let a cool debate
All Fundamentals of Religion state :

Distriffea SION Remova.

In such you all will certainly agree :
Oh happy Model of sweet Unity !
Let none that to those Principles do stick,
Be branded with the name of Heretick ;
It glads my Heart to hear 'em treat each other,
By that sweet title of a Christian Brother.
Next if you would not Charity explode,
Abuse the guiltless, and affront your God,
Judge not your Brethren at a distance ; neither,
Give easy Credit to the Tales of either
Hot-headed Scriblers, or Licentious tongues
That often load the Innocent with wrongs :
So hellish Monks did serve Waldensian Saints
With horrid Clamour, and unjust Complaints.
So Popish Impudence spews out its Gall
To make us odious, and bespatter all
The Reformation; Sure that cause is bad
Whose chief support from Railing must be had;
It giddy Rumour, or uncertain Fame
Should raise a slander on your brothers name,
Repair to him, and in converse you'll see
Whether he guilty or not guilty be:
If he be faulty, tell him of his sin ;
Be Mild and Secret, and you may him win.
Admonish Gently, let your whole discourse,
Be full of Savour, love and Scripture force.
This is the way to bring him to a fence,
And Gods prescribed Method, to convince ;
But if you fail, then leave him to his God,
Who can reform, or punish with a Rod.

Your

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But if you fail, then leave him to his *God*,
Who can reform, or punish with a *Rod*.

Your

Distressed Sion Relieued.

Your work is done, you have discharg'd the part
Of Friend of Brother, of a Christian heart

Before Belief examine what is vented
Good men by Malice may be represented.
In Monstrous Shapes: Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a Mishapen Bear;
Believe not therefore distant imputation,
No censure's just before Examination,

In all Debate's be sure to lay aside
All prejudice, and let the Scriptures guide
Your calm, sedate disputes, let truth be scan'd
VVith cool resolves: O! Let that great Command
Of Love take place! for that should moderate
All Eager Sallies in a warm debate.
VWho loses Error, truly gains the field,
And he is Victor, that to truth does yield;
VWhere e're you find it, though in mean array,
Subscribe and win the glory of the day.
O: what's the world, but Shackles to the mind
VWhat's Reputation, but a fleeting wind.
VWhy should those bawbles which the Lord abhors
Become the Sacred Truths Competitors?
Away with all such rubs let truth take place
And then the Springs of Everlasting grace
VWill drop down blessings, Unity, increase
Among my Children as the Fruits of peace.

Sion's Children.

Our common danger, and the Real sence,
Which we have got by dear experience

Distressed Sion Relieved.

79

Of those advantages our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,
As that our Enemies shall ne'er prevail
To break our League, or make our courage fail.
But speak (Dear Mother,) has some new affright
So discompos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction? Tell your Sons, we pray ;
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring day.
Why do you Judge, that Englands day of grace
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace?
Shew some prognosticks of that dismal night,
That threatens to succeed our Gospel Light.

Sion.

When *Sol* once touches our Meridian Line,
It straight descends, does by degrees decline ;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing *Light*
Yields to the *Sable* of approaching night :
Just so the *Gospel* in its *Altitude*,
Once shot such *beams*, that in this *Isle* ensu'd
So great *conversion*, that those former days
Did feel its blest and universal *Rays*.
A general *heat* did warm this *happy Nation*,
From its benign and powerful *operation*
But now it falls and from our *Horizon*
Its vigorous *influence* is almost gone.
Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preacht,
But very few (if any) sinners reacht.
How ineffectual is the quickening word!
It shines, but warms not, 'tis but like a *Sword*

That's

'That's fair to sight, but has not Edge at all,
Few prick'd at heart, and scarce do any fall
At Jesus feet ; Or have a sense of sin,
Confessing how *Rebellious* they have been !

It is a dismal and apparent sign
That night comes on, when *Phæbus* does decline,
When heat and fervour fail, our *hemisphere*
Will quickly see its glory disappear.
The ev'ning of the nat'r al day is come
When harvest-work-men are repairing home:
So when quick Summons of *Omnipotence* ;
Removes the Dressers of his Vineyard hence,
We may conclude the *Gospel-morning* past,
Because Gods Servants disappear so fast.
Can I when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,
But (like old *Israel*) for my *Prophets* weep?
How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
Against devouring Wolves sustain the shock,
When of the *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
When scarce a *Moses* or a *Joshua*'s left
How many active Guides, most dearly lov'd
By me, have been, in little time remov'd,
Scarce can I dry mine Eyes for loss of one,
But news arrives of many others gone :
Ah if my head were waters, and each Eye
A well of tears, I could distil 'em dry ;
Bright Lamps extinguish't ! and no other Lights
Appear to chase the horrour of our nights !
Shook by concussions of my Foes, I stand
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand,

If thus my *Horsemen* and *Commanders* dye
What will become of the poor *Infantry* ?
Who can support the burden of the *day*,
When such brave *Hero's* daily drop away ?
Is summer past, or is the *harvest* done ?
That such *Presages* of a *Storm* come on !
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he recalls his choice *Emassadors*.
Ah too *Lentious world* ! Come look about,
Before the Lord the *bloody Flag* puts out,
When God, from *Sodom* righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphurous flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my *prevailing fear*,
That *England's* black *Catastrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the closure of the day,
The *Evening-wolves* do range abroad to *prey*.
So *Romish Beasts* in *monstrous swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns* to destroy my *Sheep*:
Such hate the *tell tale-Light*, and therefore hide
Themselves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*
Their *cursed products* are resolves of night,
Like silent *Curs*, that in the *dark* do bite.

Another *Symptom* of the *days declension*,
Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension*.
So when I look about I *plainly see*
Our *Ev'ning Shadows* very long to be;
In *humane bodies* when the head grows *hoary*,
It notes decay of vigor, strength, and glory,
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraims* head
His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered,

When Joynts grow palsi'd, and the blood's congeal'd,
 Into a jelly, can the man be heal'd ?
 When limbs grow Stiff, and feeble Age does plow
 Its wrinkled furrows on the Patients brow,
 When heat gives place to a benumming cold,
 When doting fancy cares not to be told
 Of its approaches to a certain Grave,
 When it rejects the Physick that would save ;
 The case is desperate, for the Patient's just
 Upon the point to be intomb'd in dust :
 Even so (Alas !) This gasping Nation lies
 Under the pressure of sad Maladies !

'Tis sick at heart yet seems averse to take
 That Sacred Physick whose Ingredients make
 Diseases vanish, and would ward the blow
 Which will I fear produce its overthrow :
 Ah ! must our glory, (like a brittle Glass
 Reduc'd to fractions) into Atomes pass
 So Rude a Chaos ! An unform'd confusion
 Threatning the whole with utter dissolution.

Once happy Isle, I grieve at thy condition
 Where's thy Repentance ? Where is thy contrition ?
 Thou hast been counted our Emanuel's Land
 The Gospel seems on Tip-toe now to stand
 To bid thee farewell : Must thy Sun so soon
 Be set ! before it did approach to noon !
 Must that illustrious Morning-light be gone
 That spread its beams through all our Horizon !
 Must wretched Malice and prodigious Lust
 Must bare-fac'd pride, and impudent distrust,

Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel*?
 How canst thou be so pittyless, so cruel
 Unto thy self? *Sin* is the flaming dart
 That cuts thy Veins, and Wounds thy very heart.

Can Sion chuse but send out *mournful cries*

And weep thy *downfal* in sad Elegies?

Within thy bounds my tabernacles were

Built up, and I did long inhabit here

Thy *Gospel-glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth

Into all parts and corners of the Earth,

Thou mailest be Justly kil'd *the place of Vision*

(Though made by foes an *Object of derision*)

The Joy of Saints, the *Protestants* delight,

The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* spite.

But if the Crown be ravish't from thy head,

And *Romish Clouds* thy Lustre overspread,

What heart's so brawny but my doleful cry

Must move to pity? What relentless Eye

Can see thy fall and not dissolve to drops?

Oh fleeting *Foys*; Oh disappearing hopes!

Oh hastning horrour, Oh invading fears!

Had I a sea of never empty'd tears,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets

The Sluces for its Streaming Rivulets

The very Air, drest in prodigious Forms,

Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms;

Nature of strong convulsions sickned is,

To see this horrid *Metamorphosis*:

Where *Gospel* Pastors did some Millions feed

Must Blind and Sottish ignorance succeed?

Must all their throats be cut that won't adore
 The hateful *carcass of a filthy Whore* ?
 Must all that execrate *Romes Superstition*,
 Be Murder'd by a *bloody Inquisition* ?
 Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke ?
 Must flaming *Smithfield* belch out *Fire and Smoke*
 Of *Martyr'd Saints* ? Must all that will not turn,
 With Bibles and good Books together burn ?
 Must *Monkish Tories*, meer *incarnate Devils*
 Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*
 Of such an odious and abhorred *grain*,
 That but to name 'em is *a lasting stain* ?
 Must our Renowned Ministers give place
 To *Romish Block-heads* ? Oh the vile disgrace
 Of such a *change* ? Must an *adulterous Priest*
 Belch our his *Mass*, where they have preached *Christ*,
 Must that *absur'd and irreligious Tribe*,
 Who fetter *conscience*, and regard a *bribe*
 Beyond their Souls, be leaders to our *Flocks*
 Must *Poultry non-sence*, and those *Apish Mocks*
 Miscall'd *devotion*, fill the *house of prayer* ?
 Must *Pestilence* infect our purer *Air* ?
 Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,
 And *filthy Priests* our *chastity defile* ?
 Must *Satans factors* in a *humane Shape*
 On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a *Rape* ?
 Must all our *painful Ministers* be driven
 To *Fiery Stakes*, if they renounce not *heaven* ?
 Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmlesse lives
 In *flaming Faggots*, or with *Popish Knives* ?

Mult

Must guiltless blood through all our Streets rebound
 A mournful Echo ? Must the horrid sound
 Of Axes, Whips, and dreadful Scourges tear
 Our aking hearts and pierce the yielding Air ?
 All this will be, if Rome can but prevail !
 Amazement stops my Speech ! My Spirits fail !
 I only can in interjections cry,
 I sink in trances ! O I dye, I dye !

Sions Children.

Ab ! How can we with any patience bear
 This sad Complaint ? Ab ! How can Children bear
 Their Mother delug'd in a Sea of grief,
 And not step in to give her some relief ?
 Bear up, Illustrious Sion, be not cast
 Into despair by this impending blast ;
 Christ is our Captain, and we may be bold.
 For in all Storms he is our Anchor bold
 But what's that Beast whereof thou dost complain
 From whence came he ? And of what date's his Reign ?
 Give us his marks, that we thereby may know him,
 And then abate his pride, and overthrow him
 With Universal, and United force,
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his course,
 P'th' cause of God who does all Scepters weild
 We'll fight his battels, and dispute i'th' Field,
 In Martial Syllogisms our Arms shall speak
 We'll storm his Walls, and make his Bulwarks quake
 Revenge and Anger in our bosoms burns
 Patience too much provoke to fury turns.

Sion.

See ! That's the Beast upon whose back the great
 Iaticing Strumpet rides in pomp and State
 By him she was supported all along
 By his Impostures she was rendred strong
 He's not content to be Supream below,
 And make all Scepters to his Crozier bow,
 But th' Impious wretch is grown so bold that ev'n
 He dares affront the Majesty of Heav'n
 VVhat God Commands this Antichrist controuls
 Condemns the Sav'd, and saves Condemned Souls.
 Himself he places in *Jehovahs* Throne,
 As Principal, and Second unto none ;
 A brace of Keys he carries in his hand
 To shut and open at his own Command ;
 He curses and absolves ; He binds, releases,
 Puts down, advances, whom so e're he pleases
 This is th' Apocalyptick Beast that claims
 Sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous names,
 VVith matchless Pride, and monstrous Impudence,
 He does for money with Gods Laws dispence ;
 Yea, such is his unheard of avarice,
 Upon the worst of crimes he set a price.

Sion's Children.

*These Marks are so notorious that we can
 Clearly discern the Pope of Rome's the Man,
 This raging Monster, and this Beast of prey ;
 Shall we arise, and take his strength away,*

That

That hath so long time tyrannized thus,
With Hellish fury over thee and us?
Self-preservation is by every creature
Esteemed a Sacred Principle in Nature;
Each Free-born Soul must at those Tyrants spurn
That would infect their Souls; Their bodies burn
Why should this Beast still rage and domineer
As he hath done without controul or fear.

Sion.

Gods time is best, and in due season he
Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.
He sits in Heav'n, and there beholds with scorn
This Rebels Pride; His glorious Son that's born
Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
Shall surely reign because it is his due
For all to him the Sovereign Rule must yield;
His is the Crown; He shall the Scepter weild;
To Jesus all shall bow; He shall be King,
And to poor Sion shall Redemption bring.
Forty two months unto this Beast is given
So long shall he tread down the Host of Heav'n;
And now I hope the end thereof draws nigh,
And that some will be spirited from on high,
Who in the Great Jehovahs name shall sound
Such an Alarm as shall his power confound.

Another Enemy, his Confederate
There is likewise, that my forlorn Estate
Hath much occasion'd, and of whom before
I made complaint; The proud insulting Whore,

Who with lascivious looks and wanton eyes
 Incites to Lust and all Debaucheries.
 By her provoking and bewitching charms
 Grandees she doth intice into her arms,
 Corrupting Princes by her incantations,
 And ruining the Nobles of the Nations.

Great God ! Assist me, lest my Spirits fail,
 That I the State of Monarchs may bewail,
 Who to her Yoke yield their Illustrious necks
 And move like Vassals at her haughty becks ;
 Ah ! they that should my nursing Fathers be
 Are Executioners of her Cruelty,
 And by her influence the Civil Power
 Is made a dreadful Engine to devour
 The Saints of God, and kick at their Creator,
 But let them know the Sovereign Arbitrator
 Of all their destinies, is Great and Just,
 And can at pleasure crumble them to dust.

Thus hath she made the Greatest Kings and Peers
 Submit to her Dominion many years,
 Exhaust their treasures, ruinate their fame,
 And at the last gain nought but loss and shame;
 For by ingaging in her Hellish Plots
 They to their names have gain'd Eternal Blots;
 Nay of their Kingdoms some depriv'd have been
 As it in divers Nations has been seen ;

Impudent Strumpet ! Whose curst wiles defile
 Mens Consciences, and do their Souls beguile
 And when involved in the deepest guilt
 She then pretends to wash away the filth

By impious Pardons ; Yea to such a height
Of folly does bewitch them, that the sight
Of Death approaching won't make them confess
Apparent guilt and horrid wickedness ;
And by her Arts, when they are parting hence
Their Fronts Steels with such hardned impudence
That though brought to a most deserved death,
With lies and falsehoods they resign their breath,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting ears
False hopes, whereby they may forget their fears,
Who like ill Angels round about them hover,
Doubting they should their Villanies discover.

VVhen some are stretcht upon the fatal block ,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroke,
Such is the strength of her inebriation,
That they, (Oh ! horrible) on their Salvation
Protest they 're innocent, when all the while
No Treason ever did appear more vile
Than that for which Impartial Justice them
To a just death as Traytors did condemn ;
For *Rome*, by downright impudence ev'n would
Outface the Sun, and baffle if she could
The clearest proofs, and Solid'lt evidence
Produc'd by Heavens unerring Providence.

Ah cruel Mistress of deluded Souls !
That's not content to make them arrant fools,
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby
Make them stab conscience when they come to dye
She to incourage Treasons does prefer
Those Traytors Martyrs in her Calender

But will this recompence the loss of Thrones,
Or ease the Soul in hell of its sad groans.

Sions Children.

Shall we (indangered by her Plots) arise,
And curb this Harlot who our God defies?
Why should her Treasons any more annoy
Thy precious Saints, and Nations thus destroy?
Let's make her drink of that invenom'd Cup
She full'd for us; Shall she not drink it up?
Will none fall on, provoked by just ire
To eat her flesh, and burn her in the Fire?

Sion.

Dear Children! as to what you have requir'd,
At present you must keep your selves retir'd,
Make no attempts until God from on high
Affords you strength this Babel to defie;
At present you are ev'n like Persons dead
And seem unable to erect your head,
But then you shall appear to be alive,
Gods Spirit shall your fainting Souls revive,
VVho to the fixed time will be exact
VVhen he'l begin this strange and dreadful Act,
To the confusion of your Enemies,
Then God will cause his Witnesses to rise,
And you will have a clear and gracious Call
To join with those that on the Whore shall fall.

Sions

Sion's Friend.

These lines were writ eight years ago or more
 In the book which I mentioned before
 We then had hopes of what was drawing near;
 But stay my Muse! To Sion lend an Ear,
 To what she at that time was baird to say
 About the Dispensations of that day.

Sion.

With patience (Children) wait upon the Lord,
 Until his saving Strength he does afford ;
 To him you all must make your Supplication,
 For from him only is my expectation.
 Oh! sigh with me, and in your Spirits groan ;
 Send up strong cries to the Almighty's Throne,
 Give him no rest until those happy days
 I shall exalted be, and made the praise
 Of all the Earth ; And I will likewise cry
 And mount my voice to Him who sits on High.

The Churches Prayer.

O Lord of Hosts consider my Estate,
 Let me remain no longer desolate.
 Have I not been most precious in thy sight ?
 Lord therefore do not my Petition slight.
 But let thy bowels to thy Children move,
 In token of parental, tender love;
 Shall Sion totter, and the Beast be steady
 In his proud Seat? Hast thou not seen already

What

VVhat they have done, who evil good do call,
 From whom we can expect no good at all ;
 VVill they make Judgment i'th' right Channel go
 Extirpate vice ? make righteousness to flow
 Like mighty Streams ; VVill they a blessing be?
 To me or mine who haters are of thee?
 Can men of thorns expect sweet grapes to find ?
 VVill ravenous VVolves to innocent Lambs be kind
 VVill such as have thy Childrens blood let out,
 Striving to bring their black designs about,
 And with mine Enemies daily still combine
 To root out and destroy both me and mine ;
 VVill these be now chief Friends and me relieve ?
 Sure none but mad men would such things believe.
 If Thanks and Praises will on Earth be giv'n
 If *Hallelujahs* will be sang in Heav'n
 To thy great name for raising *Babylon*.
 If placing of a Papist on the Throne
 Be for our good, by opening a door
 For mens Salvation readier than before ;
 If the access of sinners easier be
 In their approaches (Blessed God) to thee, }
 By Romanists having the Soveraignty,
 Oh ! then exalt them ; Let all others fall
 And *Rome* usurp Dominion over all.
 But if in thy just and all seeing Eye,
 Their monstrous crimes are of a crimson dye ;
 If they from their Original have been
 The vilest wretches and the worst of men ;

If for the future they intend to be
The Perpetrators of all Villany;
If their dark Heathenish Idolatry
Pride, horrid murthers and base Perjury
Mount up to Heavens High Imperial Throne;
If their Oppressions make thy Churches gone,
If they will burn the Scriptures, and suppress
All Books that treat of Gospel Holiness ;
If guiltless Souls without respect to age
Or Sex, must be the objects of their rage ;
If they are Enemies to thy Covenants,
If they would trample under foot thy Saints,
If cause thou dost not seem to hear, and save
Thy *Sion*, or to grant what she doth crave,
They Scoff at, and deride thy glorious name ;
And put thy Faithful ones to open shame :

Then hear, O Lord? Thou see'st my power's gone :
In thee I trust ; Besides thee there is none Deut. 32. 36.
That can thy Church from her Stern Foes deliver.
Oh draw thy flaming Arrows from thy Quiver,
To quell the Pride of this Insulting Crew ;
Thy mighty Arm alone can them subdue :
On thee I have my absolute reliance ;
Do thou assist, I've bid them all defiance :
Hear, O my God, and for thy mercy Sake,
On Gaspings *Sion* some compassion take ;
I have been Ransom'd by the precious bloud
Of thy Dear Son, and fed with heavenly food ;
Thy Churches sins O pardon and forgive
And in sweet concord let thy Children live

Teach them true saving knowledge from thy Word,
 That they may worship thee with one accord ;
 My breach thou canst repair, and cure my wound,
 Nothing too difficult for thee is found :
 Thou knowest my grief (O Lord.) incline thine ear,
 Revive my hope, and chace away my fear,
 In *Achors* Valley open thou a door,
 Make me rejoice as I did heretofore ;
 I pray thee, break my bonds, ease my distress,
 Bring me out of this dolesom wilderness,
 Oh let me Shine like *Sols* illustrious light,
 Make me an *Army terrible in fight* ;
 Rend off that Vail which does thy *Sion* cover,
 Scatter the Clouds, whereby I may discover
 What thou designest by this thy Dispensation
 And what my work is in this generation.
 'Tis time for thee to plead thy righteous cause
 When wicked men make void thy righteous Laws,
 Thou canst cause them to drink of their own cup,
 And *loftiest Cedars* by the roots pluck up.

But Lord, remember *Sion*, spare thy *Vine*,
 That spreading Plant which thou hast chose for thine,
 Make that to flourish, and be ever green,
 And full of Clusters as before 't has been
 From *Egypt* thou hast brought it heretofore ;
 O God, I pray, bring it out thence once more,
 Let thy hand plant, and water so the Root,
 That all the Land may feast upon the fruit ;
 O let its cordial juice the Nation fill,
 And let its boughs o're shadow every Hill,

Lord from Sea to Sea do thou her branches send,
From all her Enemies always her defend :
Preserve her Fence, be unto her a Wall,
And keep her from the violence of all
Wild Beasts, and from that Boars malicious power,
That would destroy her, and her fruit devour.

Lord from on high thy Lovely Vine behold,
Tis thine own Plant, of greater price than Gold ;
Canst thou deny her thy assistance, while
These Ravenous Creatures do thy Vineyard spoil ?
Take notice how her bulwarks are thrown down,
And more heart-breaking evils coming on ;
Breach upon breach, Alas ! I daily see,
And doubtless I shall quickly ruin'd be,

*Unless by some unknown and Glorious hand,
Thou speedily dost save me, and the Land.*

I am Christ's Spouse : His undefiled one ;
Wilt thou permit me to be trod upon ?
Tis by thy grace I am intit'led so,
Great God ! relieve me and divert my wo ;
Who am surrounded every way with grief,
Oh let thy lovely smiles bring me relief ;
Thou hast withdraw the beamings of thy grace,
And wrapt in Clouds the Splendor of thy face,
Which has upon me brought such anxious smart,
As tears my Soul, and makes my very heart :
Drop tears of blood : For if the g'lorious Sun
Of Righteousness be hid, where shall I run,
For joy or comfort in this dismal hour,
Who only to bemoan my self have power ?

More

More she had spoke, but that her Passion ties
 Her mournful Tongue; The Floodgates of her eyes,
 In Chrystal Streams, do represent such anguish,
 As makes her vital operations languish
 Sunk in despairing Swouns, She scarce appears
 To breathe or live, but by her Sighs and Tears.

Sion's Children.

(bewail,

Mourn, Mourn, Oh Heavens! And thou Oh earth
 Weep ye blest Saints, until your Spirits fail,
 For she that is the glory of the Earth,
 Of the most Noble and Illustrious birth,
 Lies sadly groaning in a deep despair
 Whose grievous sorrows no tongue can declare
 Oh! that our brethren would but bastein bitter,
 That in Gods fear we might confer together.

Sure you must grieve when her complaints you hear
 You cannot certainly but shed a tear;
 Do not your Eyes ev'n like a Fountain stream,
 And all your joys turn to a mourning Theme?
 Does not your nightly rest from you depart?
 Are you not pierced to the very heart,
 And fall'n into the depth of bitterness,
 Because of Sions Trouble and distress?
 How can our hearts delight in things below?
 How can we rest secure, as sinners do?
 How can we comfort take, or pleasure find,
 Or how can we the Worlds concernments mind?
 Or with Terrene enjoyments be content,
 And not poor Sions miseries lament?

How

How can we bear our Mothers doleful cries?
She Sighs, she Sobs, she Languishes, she lies
In dreadful Agonies, in bitter pain,
How can we bear her Enemies disdain?
Who wickedly reproach her every day,
And like a broken pot she's thrown away,
Despis'd and trod upon ev'n like the dung
The Drunkard on her makes his daily Song
But Christ will come, and look on her sad State,
And with poor Sion he'll Expostulate.

'Why art thou sometimes high, then low again
Sometimes at ease and then in bitter pain?
Doubtless th' are Throwes; Chear up and do not fear;
For thy deliverance is very near;
These labouring pangs will speedily be o're,
Take heart, thou shall not die; One or two more
Will bring that Child into the World which thou
Hast travell'd with in bitter pangs till now;
Address thy self to God, for surely he
From these thy tortures will deliver thee;
'Tis he alone that brings unto the birth,
And giveth strength and vigor to bring forth;
Then stay thy self upon th' Almighty Lord,
His gracious help he to thee will afford
Upon his promises do thou depend
And thou shalt see deliverance in the end.

These words of Comfort, like a Cordial wrought
And to her fences, mourning Sion brought,
With fainting looks, and with a weeping Eye
Unto her Children she renewes her cry.

Sion.

Sion.

How am I spoil'd? How do I sit forlorn?
 How long wil't be e're I shall cease to mourn?
 I'm like a Ship by raging Tempests tost
 'Midst Rocks and Sands, just ready to be lost.
 Where every billow do's present a grave,
 And Death in Triumph rides on every Wave.
 But yet, *I am engraven on his hand,*
And in his sight for ever I do stand.
 Awake, O arm of God! Oh come away!
 My woes are very great! Ah do not Stay!
 Hear me, Dear Jesus; unto thee I cry,
 Unless thou save me I must surely dye;

Christ.

In Glorious Regions of approachless Light,
 Where Joys unmixt with perfect Love unite;
 There do I sit; There do I see and hear
 What Kings and Potentates consulting are;
 But in mine Ears methinks I hear the cry
 Of some distressed Soul in misery;
 My Bowels in me with compassion move,
 Oh! — 'tis the voice of her I dearly love;
 She whom I purchasht with my dearest blood,
 Seems drencht, yea drown'd in tears, as in a Floud;
 Some mighty Sorrow sure, and Tribulation,
 Extorts from her this doleful Lamentation,
 Enough to pierce my tender heart again,
 And make the Temple once more rend in twain.

Alas!

Alas, poor *Sion*, thy Complaints I hear,
And I will rescue thee ; Oh do not fear,
I know thy sorrows, and I hear thy cries,
And from what apprehensions they arise:
Know ! I can still the blustering Winds and Seas,
And in the greatest anguish can give ease ;
I can both wound and cure ; Build up and break ;
I kill, I make alive, I give, I take !
The Greatest Monarchs I can soon pull down,
I can make void, and then fill up the Throne ;
When I think fit, I make the Nations Shake,
And haughty Princes at my presence quake,
Kingdoms to totter, and reel to and fro ;
All this and greater things for thee I'll do :
Although thy Foes do thee environ now,
All power and wisdom's mine, and I know how
Thee to support and make them all to bow,
I will arise, and shew my Sovereignty,
And make them to the Rocks and Mountains fly ;
Though with the Powers of Hell they have combin'd,
I will pursue them, and they shall not find
A hiding place my vengeance to avoid,
Till by my fury they are all destroy'd ;
I'll soon bring down the most Exalted head,
The Mighty Ones I into dust will tread ;
Thy cause I'll plead ; Though I have silent flood,
I'll be reveng'd for all the righteous blood
That has run down, ev'n like a mighty Flood ;
The day of vengeance shall no longer stay,
What's due to Justice they shall surely pay.

Besides the cruel wrongs thou dost repeat,
 The bloud of former Martyrs does intreat
 Me to avenge their cause ; I therefore will
 Come down in fury and those Monsters kill.
 For though I seem'd to have forsaken thee,
 Yet from all bondage I will set thee free ;
 Though I have thee afflicted heretofore,
 I'll turn my hand upon the *Bloody Whore*
 Shortly, *her place shall never know her more.*

Because thou dost my Holy name profess,
 I'll break in peices such as thee oppres ;
 Arm'd with Commission from the Great Jehove,
 I will come down, and all thy griefs remove,
 All weapons form'd against my Churches shall
 Unprosperous prove, for I will break them all,
 All Kingdoms of the Earth shall now be mine,
 And thou in beauty like a Queen shalt Shine,
 And with thy Children in sweet confort sing,
 Triumphant Hallelujahs to your King.

Sion.

Thy voice is to my ravisht Soul so sweet,
 I am reviv'd, and set upon my feet ;
 I'll speak thy Praise in Songs, because I see
 That Glory near, which thou hast promis'd me ;
 And now, Great *Babylon*, who art my Foe,
 My time's at hand, and thou shalt quickly know
 My God has not forsaken me, for now
 He will advance me, and make thee to bow ;

Then

hen shalt thou hide for shame thy wretched head,
Whilſt I in triumph will upon thee tread?
Because thou upon me so long hast trod,
And in contempt hast said; *Where is that God?*
Therefore will rightly retaliate,
And bring just vengeance on thy cursed pate,

*The Insolent Triumph of the Romish Strumpet
over the Protestant Church.*

VVHy do these *Hereticks* so brisk appear,
And their *false Church* such jollity declare?
Poor silly Souls! 'Tis now but Eighty seven,
And soon you'll find I with you will be ev'n:
Smile to think how much thou art mistaken,
Tis I am mounted high; Thou art forsaken;
Are thou are frantick, and thy senses fail,
So think that over me thou canſt prevail,
Final Conquest I shall make o're thee;
And swift destruction shall thy portion be.
For all my wounds I now have got a cure,
And from your fiery darts I am secure:
Now am raised to the height of bliss,
And all my Glory in its Zenith is,
Am a Queen, and so shall still remain,
And as Supream I o're the Earth will reign,
Pomp and Glory I must govern all,
The Mightieſt Monarchs me their Mistrisſ call.
How can I fall when such a Holy prop
Does me ſupport as, *My Lord God the Pope.*

The Great men of the Earth his Vassals are,
 VVho sits in grandeur in St. Peters Chair ;
 The Glorious Empire of the VWorld he hath,
 And he retains the keys of Heaven, and Death ;
 Think not that he regards the little tricks
 Of the weak, ignorant, and damn'd Hereticks,
 Alas ! He can make use, when e're he please,
 Of Peters Sword, as well as Peters Keys.
 He'l make his Canons roar louder than Guns,
 To ruin those thou call'st, *Thy Protestant Son's* ;
 If once his roaring Bulls give the Alarm,
 He'l make all Christendom forthwith to arm
 Themselves in my defence, who soon will work,
 Thy overthrow ; Alas ! didst thou not lurk,
 Hundreds of years in holes where none could see
 Or understand what was become of thee ?
 He that then broke thy feeble force asunder,
 Has still sufficient strength to hold thee under,
 And in such strict Subjection thee will keep,
 That thou e're long shalt not even dare to peep ;

Am I not arm'd with the Stupendious power
 Of all the Earth ? Can't I with ease devour
 Thy whole Concernments at one single mess ?
 Have I not Skilful Cooks such meals to dress ?
 Ev'n the Imperial and the Royal Sword,
 Are ready to be brandish't at my word ;

Great Britains King, and Catholick Nobles will
 My Interest to promote, use all their Skill,
 Oh ! happy hour ; Oh long desired day,
Great James doth now the Royal Scepter sway ;

Ah ! VVhat a night of darkness has been here,
On me and mine, when nothing did appear,
But black despair, until this happy Reign ;
And dost thou think e're to prevail again ?
Is not the Sovereign Power in my hand ?
I'll make thee now submit to my command,
The Sacred Sword is once more giv'n to me,
And all shall now obey the Holy See.
Heav'n has beheld my sorrows, and therefore
In favour, me hath visited once more ;
Nor can I now miscarry ; For you see,
How wise our King, and's Secret Council be ;
VVhat e're you hope, 'tis certain I can't fail,
VVhen over Crowned Heads I thus prevail ;
VVhen Reverend Jesuits sit at the Helm,
They'll quickly raise up my *Jerusalem*.

The former Governments for many years,
Ruin'd the Monarchy, and increast my fears ;
The Old Foundations we will raze up quite,
And new ones raise, either by force or right ;
Impudent Varlets question Royal pleasure,
Though from the Power Divine he takes his measure ;
VVhy may not Gods Vicegerent justly claim,
The same Dominion ? And why not aim,
At such an absolute Sovereignty, that none
Shall contradict whatever he'll have done ?
If th' People rule, what use is there of Kings,
VVhen Subjects may at pleasure clip their wings ?
This with my Doctrine never will agree,
VVhere Will is Law, there's the best Monarchy.

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Shall contradict whatever he'll have done ?
If th' People rule, what use is there of Kings,
VWhen Subjects may at pleasure clip their wings ?
This with my Doctrine never will agree,
VWhere Will is Law, there's the best Monarchy.

This is the Government I approve of too,
 'Twill strengthen me, and work thy overthrow;

A Parliament shall do what e're they please,
 That so disturbed minds we may appease ;
 But if they fail ; We have already seen,
 That none of them for many years have been
 Fit to be trusted ; And their name I hate,
 For they Eclipse the glory of the State ;
 They make the Crown seem but an Airy thing ;
 As good be nothing as not Absolute King.
 Why may not Kings be as they were of old,
 Why should they be in any thing controul'd ?
 Ple have it here e're long as 'tis in *France*,
 'Tis only that my Glory will advance ;

I now perceive what made us lose the Game,
 It was our slow proceedings caus'd the same ;
 Our timorous Spirits ; But to my Joy I know,
 We now have one who fast enough will go,
 Delays are dangerous ; The Sword is ours ;
 By Law declar'd ; what need we other powers ?
 We may be counted Fools indeed, or worse,
 If we can't make the *Sword* command the *Purse* ;
 And though the Nation be inflav'd thereby,
 Who shall contend with Just Authority ?
 For Monarchy is so Divine a thing,
 None dares gainsay what e're's done by the King.
 He surely is accountable to none,
 But God alone who set him on the Throne.

Your Protestants will to Providence impute
 Their thralldom, and will presently grow mute,

For they poor pious Fools think the Decree,
Of Heav'n falls on them, though from Hell it be ;
And when their Reason is abus'd by it,
Religion then will teach them to submit,
For *Non-resistance* is a truth so clear,
Your Reverend Church-men preach it every where,
And well they may ; Does not the Apostle *Paul*,
Declare what doom will on Resistors fall ?
For all who do resist Authority,
Are doubtless damn'd to all Eternity.

But seeing Tyranny does so odious look
To catch you Hereticks we must hide the hook,
And of your Burdens give you present ease,
That afterward we may do what we please ;
For since the Nation is returned back,
Dear Mother Church will never see them lack
Money nor Men, so that they all shall see,
My Purse as open as my arms now be ;
Besides Great Sums the Catholicks in *France*
Have offered my Interest to advance,
Lewis the Great vast Treasures will bestow,
If he thereby can work your overthrow :
The Pope will likewise drein his Treasures dry,
Before he'll lose this opportunity }
You to depress and me to set on high ;
No Aid from Parliaments we need to crave
Without Demand money enough we have,
And thus the Commons we shall gratify,
By taking off the pressures which did lye

So heavy on them in the former Reign,
VVhereby we hope their very hearts to gain.

Some others of thy Children we will please,
By giving of their Consciences some ease ;
VVe'll give them Conventicle room that they
May let us steal the *Englishman* away,
And though the greatest part of them I see,
Are crafty Foxes and discover me,
Yet divers of them us do magnify,
Since we declared for their Liberty ;
That Declaration hath great Service done,
And many discontented minds has won.

I odious strove to make the *former* Reign,
That of *our* Actings they might not complain ;
So that they now confess, a Popish King
Is no such dangerous or frightful thing :
VVe manag'd all at such a subtle Rate,
One heretick we made another hate,
And their destruction we contrived so,
That blindfold they might utterly undo,
And ruin one another ; Yet not see,
How subtilly things were carryed on by me.
And you'll perceive within a little while,
We only did design you to beguile,
That you might quietly the halter take,
Or else be burnt in *Smithfield* at the Stake.
I laugh to see some of your Children join
With us, to bring about our blest Delign,
These Mighty Statesmen, like unwary Fools,
To serve a present turn become my Tools ;

I knew what they from Penal Laws did fear,
And did foresee how ease would them ensnare.

Look on the Army, and you'll soon esp'y,
Not mine, but your destruction's drawing nigh ;
What though you grin ? No matter for your hate,
To rule by Law becomes a Sneaking State ;
We value not what e're you prate or say
Regard to you will our Intrigues betray ;
When you can't bite, what hurt will barking do ?
Nay in a while we'll spoil your barking too.

My Holy Mass begins now to go down,
Is boldly said in City and in Town,
For even in *London*, there two Chappels are,
To which without controul all may repair,
And in the middle of that City stand,
With divers more in several Parts o'th' Land.
This, I assure you, fills my Soul with joy,
Nor do I matter though it some annoy.
Since I observe them guarded carefully,
By Protestants now in Authority.

Thou silly Wretch, do I not all command ?
Is not the Kingdoms strength all in my hand ?
The Sword and Scepter too, even all the power ;
Such blessings Heav'n upon my head does shower.
But yet our Claws and Teeth must not appear
Until more firmly all things settled are.

Yea, what doth further to my glory add,
Comes from the joyful news I lately had,
The Turk our Pagan Enemy, is o'recome,
And forc't to fly before all-conquering *Rome* ?

Hungary

Hungary whose reduction cost so dear,
 And who t'oth' Hereticks closely did adhere,
 Is now recover'd, and in tears returns,
 And for her former deviations mourns :
The Transilvanians likewise, do comply,
 And now submit to my authority ;
 With many other Protestants I could name,
 Who in those Countreys my Protection claim.

Ah ! What a face of things does now appear,
 This is my *Jubilee*; A glorious year ;
England and *Scotland* both returned are
 Unto their Mother, and th' Apostolick Chair }
 Tho' *Ireland* still is unto me most Dear ; }
 Yet all are mine ; They all themselves submit,
 And prostrate lye at Mother Churches feet ;
 Into my bosom they again are come,
 And like the Prodigal are returned home.

What mighty favours are bestow'd on me ?
No Widdowhood, nor sorrow shall I see,
 Ever hereafter *I shall sit as Queen,*
 Though almost desolate I have lately been ;
 We sing *Te Deum*, and Great Gifts we send
 For joy that now thy Power's at an end,
 Thou art subdu'd ; *Thy witnesses are slain,*
I bey never more shall me torment again ;
 My Children now under their Mothers wings,
 Are safe ; Which Joy to Holy Father brings ;

There's little more for me, or mine to do,
 But since we have contriv'd thy overthrow,

That

That we now root thy name from off the Earth ;
And this Design is almost at the birth,
And cannot fail, Vengeance will you or'ethrow,
The Plot is laid so strong and secreet too ;
And such great men therein concerned are,
That of success we never need despair,

My Chancellor and Loyal Judges will,
Spare for no Cost, no Pains, no Time, no Skill ;
Nay they resolve their very Lives to spend,
Rather than not perform what I intend,
My brisk *Monsieurs*, and lofty *Spanish Dons*,
Will overmatch thy Weak and Silly Sons ;
Of murdering Villains I great numbers have,
As pliable as any *Turkish slave*,
Who at my beck will with their bloody Knives,
Massacre Fathers, Infants, Virgins, Wives.
Kill any but themselves ; I'm sure they'll do't,
And quickly lay them sprawling at my foot ;
I've Irish Teagues and Tories still at hand,
To act the greatest mischiefs I command ;
Bold hardned Miscreants who will never start,
If bid to tear out their own Mothers heart.

Faint hearted Rogues may melt with qualms and
At Fathers groans, or Mothers bitter tears, (fears,
But mine, as little pitty have, as fence,
And ne're are plagu'd with gripes of Conscience,
Many of these I have in constant pay,
For they can hunt and live upon the Prey ;
Thy tender Infants that like Carps were stew'd,
In their own bloud, their Teeth have often chew'd,

With

With humane Fat, Candles they made, to light
 Them in those horrid Banquets of the night.
 Whatever 'tis my greedy Stomach craves,
 Let me but nod, 'tis done by these my slaves.
 They know no Scruples, Scorning to dispute,
 But always act just like a *Turkish Mute* ;
 Nor need you wonder they do thus, since I
 Endeavour to perswade them certainly
 That they do well, and will gain Heav'n thereby. }
 For what will Holy Church, advance, is right,
 Though ne're so hateful in *Febovabs* sight.

Therefore besides those I did now describe,
 I have vast numbers of my *Sacred Tribe*,
 My Clergy make a very numerous Host,
 And wait but for my Word, in every Coast ;
 Nay in these Northern, and Heretical Regions,
 I have in secret, many armed Legions,
 The Priest, the Monk, the Fryer my Epsign carrie,
 The Jesuits are still my Janisaries ;
 Having such Troops as these to guard my Chair,
 Sure it will make your Protestants despair,
 That so invincible I now should be !
 And that thy God hath quite forsaken thee.
 Since he to me discovers so much favour,
 My deeds sure to him are a pleasant savour,
 Therefore th' Apocalyptick Prophecy,
 You very foolishly to me apply,
 Who from pollution, and all Strains am clean;
Thou art that filthy Harlot he doth mean :

I am his Holy Church, and it is I
Thy threatnings, Thy God, and Thee defy.

BUT what approaches? Hark! methinks I hear,
A dreadful noise! What is it? Ah! I fear,
All is not well; *A Lyon seems to Roar,*
The Echo comes too from the Eastern shore;
Dear Children wake! Rouze up and look about,
Guard all the Coasts with speed the Land throughout;
My very heart does tremble, Ah! I quake,
What shall I do! Ah! what course shall I take?
The Lyon of the North; I doubt 'tis he,
That is foretold in ancient Prophecy,
What! in the midst of all my Jollities,
Must I meet with this terrible surprize,
And into such amazement now be thrown,
Just when I thought that all had been my own?

Oh blessed Virgin help! Ah pity shew,
Scatter my fears, my enemies overthrow;
St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, George and all,
Unite your strength! Oh now prevent my fall,
Oh haste, make haste, or I am quite undone,
What shall I do? Oh whither shall I run?

Romes Angel Guardian, I do thee invoke,
To save our Church, and to divert this stroke;
You Saints and Martyrs who at Tyburn dy'd,
Pray the blest Virgin to be on our side;

O mighty Neptune, with an angry brow,
Upon my Foes thy utmost vengeance shew,
That this proud Pharaoh, whose ambitious mind
To ruin Mother Church hath now design'd,
May ne'r prevail; From landing, oh! him keep,
Let all his hopes be buried in the deep.
Why are the Sea's so calm? will they consent,
Him to preserve, to my sad detriment?
Ah! raise your boistrous winds and swelling waves,
And in your bowels let them have their graves,

Break all their Ships, let them sink down like lead,
And in the raging Seas be buried.

Look out you *English* Heroes, hoist your Sails,
Cursed be he whose heart or courage fails ;
Fight valiantly, and then I need not fear,
That Eighty Eight will be a fatal year.

Ah ! heark ; He's landed, that's bad news if true,
And in the West, I dread what will insue,
What cursed Star bears Rule ? Ah ! cruel Fate,
The Sea, and Seamen both now shew their hate,
What ! none t' oppose, none that will them withstand ?
What ! suffer such an Enemy to land ?
Are all the Gods asleep on whom I call ?
No they have heard me ; and on him will fall.
Though he has seap'd the Seas you'l soon perccive,
Vengeance much longer will not let him live.

Chear up my gallant Souldiers ; you I trust,
Will never fly ; Therefore with speed you must,
Be all in readines, and do not fear,
But fierce as Lyons, 'gainst your foes appear ;
Though he pas pass'd the Seas, yet let your rage
Declare, he greater dangers must ingage,
In glittering Armor now march bravely on,
Fight but like men, and then the day's our own ;
You'll be Invincible, none can you oppose,
For you in Number, Courage, Skill, your Foes,
Do far exceed, I likewise do depend
Much on my Forreign Allies who will lend
Both Money, Men and Council, for the Cause ;
Then down go all the Hereticks and their Laws,
Their Houses, Lands, their Gold and Silver too,
We'll Seize, and then distribute them to you.

Hah ! What's the matter ; What bad news again !
How are things carried pray, at *Salisbury* Plain

We hear the Enemy is coming on,
With mighty force, and is oppos'd by none,
Our damn'd Heretical Army do declare,
That they to Popery sworn Enemies are ;

Some to our Foes are gone, and more will go,
ay'n pity us ; Alas ! What shall we do?
ay more then that, the wørst is still behind,
ost of the Greatest Peers with them are join'd.
e hear they are an hundred thousand strong,
nd we much doubt they will be here ere long,
ll things against us now seem to combine,
s if our ruin all men did design
uch pannick fears our sensēs do affright,
We neither strength nor courage have to fight,
uch Giants, as we hear, our Enemies are,
Whose Men and Horses both do armour wear
their frightful Whiskers and two handed Swords
No little terror to our men affords,
One of these *Brandenburghers* sure will be
able to cut off many such as we.

But silence ! Heark ! Another Post ! What now ?
Bad Tydings still ?— Alas I scarce know how,
Or what to tell you, but most certainly
Our Army does before the Enemy fly ;
All, All is lost, Ah ! Where now shall we run ?
Shift for your selves, sad times are coming on,
Sure so unfortunate none ever were,
Oh see how th' Hereticks do laugh and jeer !
So great an Army scattered and gone,
Who soon might have a glorious Conquest now !
Had they resolv'd to face the enemy,
We quickly should have got the Victory.

But Stay! Stay! Stay! Here's more ill news I fear,
A Post from *Reading* I see drawing near,
Well what's done there — Alas the Town is taken,
I doubt that all our Saints have us forsaken :
Some were there slain, and others put to flight;
The *Teagues* are kill'd ; The *Scots* refuse to fight,
Nay which is worse, The King this night is gone,
Ah now my heart fails quite ! w' are all undone :
Alas ! must I be tamely forc'd to yield,
Must I thus cowardly forsake the Field,



Must all my hopes be blasted in a day?
Let Vengeance fall on those, who did betray
The cause I've carryed on from age to age,
With deepest policy, and fiercest rage.
Fly Children for your lives; Oh! search about,
And strive to find some place of refuge out.

A Protestant.

See how they look, and with what dread and fear
These guilty wretches now fly here and there,
To hide their Heads? and skulk in holes alone,
And dare not now themselves for Papists own;
They post away, and hurry to and fro,
To Dover, Portsmouth, and Gravesend they go;
Their Priests and Jesuits are in great despair,
Throw off their Gowns, and run they scarce know where;
Their Judges too that lately gave their Votes,
So learnedly from their dispensing Throats,
Who, what Rome would have done, durst ne're deny,
But to all Arbitrary Power did comply,
Are routed now, and forc't in haste to trudge,
Each wishing he had never been a Judge:
The Chancellor, that Mighty Man o' f'sence,
Is nonplust now, How to escape from hence;
That Loyal Soul, that zealous Slave to Rome,
The Wappingers on him pronounce his doom:
He that to them did always malice bear,
By providence, at last was taken there;
Others were seiz'd that strove themselves to save,
Who in short time may their demerits have.

Great Nassau, like the rising Sun, appears,
Whose warming influence dries up all our tears,
Marching to London with his Noble train,
Whereby our dying hopes revive again:
But let us hear what Sion now does say,
Who seem'd o'rewhelm'd with grief the other day.

Sion.

" Ah ! I am still perplext ; although I stand
 " Amaz'd to see these wonders in the Land,
 " I know not yet how things with me may go,
 " Nor what my gracious God intends to do :
 " Whether my Foes are absolutely slain,
 " Or whether yet they may not rise again,
 " Whether my Children shall have equal share
 " Of favour and protection, without fear,
 " And whether those who did our Rights betray,
 " And for a mēs of Pottage, sold away
 " Our dear bought Freedoms, shall now trusted be,
 " As Conservators of our Libertie.

" Yet let things go as the great God shall please,
 " (I must rejoice in this my present ease,))
 " Who by his Glorious and Almighty Pow'r
 " Sent us relief in a most needful hour,
 " Whereby my dreadful and most cruel Foe
 " Received an amazing overthrow.
 " But yet I find some strugling in my Womb,
 " Another Birth I do expect to come,
 " That God who hath this gracious work begun,
 " Will greater things effect ere he has done,
 " I intermissions have, now ease, then pain,
 " Sometimes I soar aloft, then down again.

Having thus spoke she bow'd, and with her tears
 Bedew'd the parched Earth ; when straight appears
 A comforter by pitying Heav'n then sent,
 To raise her drooping Spirits almost spent,
 And his approach unto her having made,
 In most obliging terms thus to her said.

" Distressed Church, I fully know thy grief,
 " And as thou hast received some relief,
 " So God will hear thy sighs and fervent Pray'rs,
 " And suddenly will wipe away all tears
 " From thy wet Eyes, and all thy griefs expell,
 " And in sweet peace and safety thou shalt dwell,

" My

" My Grand Design I've publickly made known,
" Each part whereof in time thou shalt see done,
" Wait but with patience ; I, for *Englands* good,
" Think nought too much ; No not my dearest
" I equally my favour will extend (blood
" To all whose Faithfulness shall them commend,
" Unto my service ; and appear to be
" Lovers of *Englands* Ancient Liberty.
" All Protestants I jointly will respect,
" And equally my People will protect.
" But yet the best deserving Men I will
" Employ ; and chiefly them encourage still.
" My subjects Hearts I would unite together,
" That nothing might divide them more for ever.
" I none but treacherous Papists will disown,
" Or such as are sworn Enemies to my Crown.
" To such (they must expect) I shall appear,
" (As Justice leads me to it) most severe.
" The Good and Virtuous I shall always cherish,
" That Truth and Goodness in my reign may flourish.
" My coming was design'd to cover all,
" That Persecution upon none should fall
" In these poor Kingdoms ; But that now at last
" Forgetting all the mischiefs which are past,
" Whereby ill men contriv'd, to bring about
" their Plots, and root the true Religion out,
" Not only here, but likewise in each Land,
" Where it establisht is by Christ's right hand ;
" I now resolve, if God will prosper me,
" All Protestants shall safe and happy be,
" And live in perfect Love and Unity.

Protestant Church.

Great Sir ! your Speeches to your Parliament
Sufficiently discover your intent.
Yea they revive our Souls ; neither do we
See cause to doubt of your Integrity.

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But hope that God who such great things hath wrought,
 And by your hand this strange Deliverance brought;
 Will so endear you to the hearts of all
 True Englishmen, especially those that call
 Sincerely upon Heaven; That they may cry
 With Pray'rs and Tears for you continually,
 And never to the Throne of Grace draw near,
 But you upon their tender Hearts may bear.

Your last most gracious offer, That you'll ease
 Your Subjects of so great a Tax, doth please,
 And them obliges to that high degree,
 They all will strive who shall most Loyal be.

Your Justice in asserting each mans right,
 To Worship God according to that Light
 He hath receiv'd, will multitudes procure,
 To own your Interest, and your Rights secure.
 For who will not to *Cesars* Cause be true,
 When *Caesar* unto God doth give his due?
 And the Almighty's Government will maintain,
 Who over Conscience is sole Sovereign,
 If any do the Civil State disturb,
 On such you justly ought to put a curb,
 But if like Men, and Christians they do live,
 Doubtless just Liberty to them you'll give.

Nor will our Parliament this Right deny, (high)

Whose Protestant zeal, hath rais'd their Fame so
 For you we ought to praise the God of Heaven,
 Who by your means such blessings hath us given,
 When all our Liberties were near infesting'd,
 And Englands Fundamental Laws unhing'd,
 When all things both in Church and State did run
 To ruin; and we judg'd our selves undone,
 You under God, have now restor'd our Laws,
 And likewise have defended Sions Cause.

The Mighty God (Dread Prince) chose you to be
 Our only help in great extremity.
 With double blessings may you both be Crown'd,
 Who in compassion to us did abound.

My Children resolve unanimously
With you to stand and fall ; To live and dye :
With hazard of your life their Chains you broke,
And off their necks remov'd the Romish Yoke ;
With vast expence you this great act have done,
And of your Person have much danger run.
Shall I not then with all my Children cry,
We with our King and Queen will live and die ?
Our lives we, under God, to you do owe,
And therefore whatsoever we can do,
Can't be too much ; And in a grateful way
We ought to strive your goodness to repay ;
We find our rising proves our Enemies fall,
Where are they now that did us then in thrall ?
They dig'd a Pit, and in it fallen are,
Yea wonderfully catcht in their own snare.
This is Gods doing, and is marvellous,
Even to our Enemies as well as us.
And therefore now my self I must address,
Unto the God of Truth and Righteousness,
I'll lift my Soul to him in Thanks and Praise,
And ne're forget his Wonders in these days.

*The Churches Song of Praise and Thanksgiving
to God for her late Gracious deliverance.*

O H matchless Grace ; Oh Love beyond degree,
Now I am certain there is none like thee,
In Heav'n or Earth ; I will Praise thee therefore,
For thou a Salve hast now found for my sore,
Transported by thy Love, with Joy I cry,
My ravisht Spirit must exalt the High
And Mighty God, by whose unbounded grace,
My heart's enlarg'd to run the blessed race.
Thou shalt conduct me to the Living Springs,
From thence I'll rise up as with Eagles Wings
Unto that heavenly Mount of Faiths desire,
Where thy Transcendent Glory I'll admire;

And in those happy Seats of Bliss above
 I'll be embraced in thy Arms of Love.
 I'll hold thee fast, and never let thee go,
 For by thy loss, Oh what a depth of woe
 Did I fall into? What a dreadful case
 Was I in, when thou Lord didst hide thy face?
 If I have thee, I nothing else need crave,
 Without thee (if all else) I nothing have;
 Nothing without thee is of worth to me,
 All things are vanity, compar'd to thee.
 To be thy Portion, Lord, thou didst me chuse,
 And sure so great a grace I'll ne're refuse,
 Thou art my Saviour, and my Heritage,
 My Sanctuary too, from Age to Age;
 I therefore evermore will dwell with thee,
 And thou alone my hiding place shalt be.
 When I was fal'n, thou raisedst me on High
 For which thy blessed name I'll magnify,
 Thou didst in mercy look on my distress,
 When I, Lord, was in woful heaviness,
 Beset with cruel Foes, and could not see
 The many dangers that incompast me;
 Thou didst observe my ruin very near,
 And thou didst suddenly for me appear,
 Didst send thy Servant speedily away
 To save me from the ravenous Beasts of Prey;
 Thou, like a tender Father, couldst not see
 Thy Children fail by Romish Cruelty;
 Thy special favours may I ne're forget,
 Let them with Power on my heart be set.

Ah! how unworthy was this sinful Land,
 For whom thou didst stretch forth thy mighty hand,
 To save and help them in that dreadful hour,
 When all their hope was lost, and all their power?
 Though thy own Children too unworthy were,
 This did not hinder thy Parental care;
 How earthly, unbelieving, Ah! how vain?
 How did their Lives their Holy Calling stain?

Cold.

Cold, Carnal, Senseless, dead; They seem'd to be
A People laden with iniquity.

Deserving nothing at thy hands O Lord,
When thou this great deliverance didst afford,
I then did much bewail their faults and crimes,
Both those of old, and those of latter times;
Yet thou o'relookedst their unworthiness,
And camest down to save them ne'retheleſſ.

Thou wonderfully didſt make it appear,
That these ſtrange works which thou haſt ſhewed here,
Were like to thoſe in Egypt long ago,
When thou didſt Pharaoh utterly o'rethrow.

For when we thought we ſhould have been destroy'd,
And their dire vengeance never could avoid,
We ſaw them ſuddenly before us fall,
And could not do us any hurt at all.

A raging ſea we ſeem'd, before, to ſee,
Behind us was a raging Enemy,
But when thy chosen Servant did draw near,
The threatning waters ſoon divided were,
A ſure preſage Gods preſence too was there,
Who ſav'd us from what we ſo much did fear;
These are thy doings, Lord, and Marvellous
Are all thy Dispensations unto us.

Nay let us not forget, this one thing more,
As worthy notice, as thoſe nam'd before,
The People of the Land diuided were,
Nay to each other did much hatred bear,
Yet thou no ſooner ſent thy Servant hither
But they united, and were join'd together
All as One man againſt their comon Foe,
In prayers, in wiſhes and in Arms alſo,
Which gave me hopes that the ſet time was come,
Of thy great wrath againſt the Whore of Rome.

Our Nobles and our Gentry did their part,
Affiſting both with counſel, hand and heart,
Like our Old English Heroes they did riſe,
And chearfully eiſpoſe this enterprize.

Undauntedly they undertook the Cause
 Of our Religion, Liberties, and Laws,
 Their free-born Souls contemn'd the Romish Yoke,
 And to a just revenge it did provoke
 These Gallant Spirits who could not endure
 The Jesuits should our slavery procure,
 With so much impudence; that they seem'd to laugh
 At all our Laws, and at our Parliaments Scoff.

A great Convention, Lord, thou didst convene,
 And didst unite them so that like brave men,
 The Throne they did declare Vacant to be,
 And it to fill again, did soon agree,
 To the great Satisfaction of the Land,
 And with their Lives they did ingage to stand
 By William thy Servant and our King,
 Whom for our safety thou didst hither bring.

All this we saw perform'd by thee alone
 Who dost abase, and set upon the Throne,
 To every man dost measure what is right,
 And actest still what seems good in thy sight ;
 Ah ! how didst thou confound, ev'n in an hour,
 Those dark Intrigues, contrived by the Power
 Of bloody Rome, and carried on so long,
 And by such Aids, that they grew mighty strong
 Here and abroad ; So that they durst to say,
 All was their own, and they should have the day ;
 When in her heart she said ; *I fit a Queen,*
And ne're shall loss of Children see agen :
 Yet then, Oh blessed Lord, thou heardst our cries,
 And suddenly our Enemies didst surprize.

As soon as thy poor Protestants abroad
 Heard these Strange wonders of our Gracious God.
 It did their Spirits raise, and them enliven,
 To sing the Praises of the God of Heav'n ;
 Poor Holland that was so much threatned,
 And to effect the work, all ventured,
 Began thereat again to raise its head.

When

When we were sore distressed, it was they
that to relieve us hastened away ;
They 'gainst our Foes for our defence did stand,
Let them be dear to thee, and to this Land,
How were thy People strengthened thereby,
Who did before like withered branches lye,
Expecting mischief would upon them fall,
And Popery would overwhelm us all.

All Praise and Glory therefore now be given
Into the Lord of Lords, and King of Heaven ;
O let the Throne surely establisht be
In righteousness ; which will Establish me :
And let the King so wisely all dispose,
To please His God, and disappoint his Foes :
Let his Court still with Virtuous Men abound,
And let no vicious Persons there be found ;
This will most happy days to him procure,
And cause his Government long to endure.

Let Scotland to his Crown united be,
That we may live in peace and amity,
Incline their minds their Interest to discern,
And that our Union is their great Concern.

Do not forget poor Irelands sad fate,
Destroy those Rebels who disturb that State,
O give our Armies Victory and Succes,
Thy People save ; Their Enemies distres :
This is my Prayer, and when this is done,
I'll sing the Praises of the *Three in One*.
Mean while let us our best Affections raise
To celebrate, in grateful Songs, his praise
Who has been our deliverer in these days.

An Hymn of Gratitude and Thankfulness.

I do not in a lofty strain
Strive to revive Great Hectors Glory ;
Nor the all-conquering Pagan Train,

Whole

Whose acts recorded are in Story ;
Nor is it our Great Williams Fame,
Who came, and saw, and overcame.

Nor any of those Worthy Nine,

Nor *Alexanders* Great renown,
Whose Deeds were thought almost Divine,

When Victory did his Temples Crown ;
But 'tis the Praise of God I sing,

Who hath wrought Wonders by our King.

My Heart and Tongue, shall both rejoice,

Whil'st *England* sings Triumphanty,
And with a loud melodious voice,

Doth laud the name of God most High ;
O 'tis his praise ; That Holy One

That I must magnify alone.

My Heart is warm'd whil'st I proclaim,

The praises of the God of wonder,
My lips shall glorify his name

Whose voice is like a mighty Thunder ;

I'll bleſs him, for 'tis he alone

Has vacated, and fill'd the Throne,

Whose Feet are like to burning Brass,

Whose Eyes are like a flaming Fire,

Who bringeth wondrous things to pass,

Him I adore, him I admire ;

What changes hath he suddenly,

Made in Great Britains Monarchy ?

My Soul and Pen shall both express

The Praies of Great Judahs Lion,

The sweet and fragrant Flower of Jez,

The Holy Lamb; The King of Sion ;

For He it is, and he alone

Has vacated and fill'd the Throne,

Whose Head is Whiter than the Snow,

That's driven with the Eastern Wind,

Whose Visage like a Flame doth show,

Confining all, yet unconfin'd.
Tis He who Marvels wrought of late,
To save a sinking, bleeding State.

We praise his name, who hath made known
The Man to us, he fixt upon,
To save us from the envious frown
O' th' bloody Whore of Babylon,
In Righteousness, Oh! let him Reign,
That nothing may his Glory stain.

Or this great subject of my Verse,
Though discontented subjects should
Refuse Gods praises to rehearse,
The Hills, the Rocks, and Mountains would
Make his deserved Praises known,
For Wonders here so lately shown.

You twinkling Stars, which day and night,
Do your appointed circuit run,
Meet Cynthia in thy monthly flight,
Also thou bright and flaming Sun,
Who to the Earth Gods blessing bring;
Do you Great Britains mercies sing.

That all Gods Foes both far and near,
Who Tyrannize and haughty be,
May all be smitten with great fear,
And meet the like Catastrophe,
As those who lately in this Land
Declar'd, Their will should us command.

Let all men know; The Power Divine
Is absolute, and that alone,
None ever gainst him did combine,
But they were surely overthrown.
Tis He pulls down, and sets up too,
And who dares say, What dost thou do?

To the Discontented Subject.

Come Sir, let us a while debate
 About great Britains Present State,
 What is it you would have?
 Is't Liberty as Englishmen,
 Or had you rather be again
 A fetter'd Romish slave?

Are you so fond of Tyranny,
 That you fain back again would fly
 To Egypt's former fare?
 Do you not know their Garlick's strong?
 Their Flesh Pots have been poysoned long;
 For shame come no more there.

Hath God Wrought wonders in our Land,
 Ev'n by another Moses's hand,
 And yet when all is done,
 Will you to Egypt shew your love;
 And slight the works of God above,
 And back again be gone?

What Humour's this of Discontent,
 That such a King and Parliament
 You will not cleave unto,
 By whom God hath such wonders done,
 Who have such mighty hazards run,
 To save the Land and you?

You lately seemed full of grief,
 And greatly did desire relief,
 And now 'tis come will ye
 With fullen minds repine and say;
 Things are not carried that same way
 Which we did hope to see?

Ah! be not like Haman of old,
 Who though exalted, yet b'ing told,
 That Mordecai also

is in the favour of the King,
Did much sorrow to him bring,
Ah! no such hatred show

those who have an equal right
favour in their Princes fight,
And faithful Subjects are ;
Who are Free-born as well as you,
Why may not they of Honour too
Expect an equal share ?

that which pleaseth all the Land,
With your self Interest will not stand
How can it helped be ?
Shall England wholly be undone,
And be by Popery over-run,
To humor such as ye ?

Do not shew your selves again
Of the vile race of Cursed Cain ;
Must Abel have no Friend
But be observ'd with envious Eyes,
And by you made a Sacrifice
Until the World shall end ?

Obey not guilty of such pride,
Not to be on your Sovereigns side,
Unless he please to show
His indignation, and suppress
Those that love Truth and Righteousness,
And better are than you.

Can none be Loyal to the King,
But only those that roar and sing,
And drink his health each day ?
Come don't mistake, for certainly
He shews the greatest Loyalty,
Who for him most doth Pray.

Let all good Protestants agree,
And live in love and unity,
For 'tis the only thing
That's pleasing unto God above,
And will procure to us his Love,
And other blessings bring.

Since God designs good unto all,
Why should we on each other fall,
Or shew so ill a mind,
As by unjust, and evil ways,
To hinder that by our delays,
Which good men long to find.

Shall any Christian be so vain
To plead for Laws, that do profane
The Holy Sacrament?
Which Christ did never institute,
Nor any ought to prostitute
To such a low intent.

To that design and only end,
It was ordain'd let us attend,
Left God offended be,
And bring his dreadful Judgments forth,
To cut us down in his great wrath
For such iniquity.

It's neither righteous, just, nor good,
And has too long already stood,
Oh! let it fall for ever,
The King will stronger be hereby,
His subjects serve him cheerfully,
And all cement together.

An Hymn of Praise.

Instead of Grief Joy now appears,
And scatter'd are our dismal fears,
The Northern Lyon's come;
See how our haughty Foes do cry,
And at his looks see how they fly,
P.
their sad doom.

If

If men refuse, and will not speak,
The Rocks and Stones will silence break,

For Heav'n and Earth resolve
To Judge great *Babel's* bloody Whore,
And she ere long shall be no more,

Her power shall dissolve.

The Star we did expect t' appear
Is risen in our Hemisphere,

And warning gives to all,
Of wonders which will suddenly ;

Amaze the World far off, and nigh,

For *Rome* must surely fall.

Strange and amazing Tragedies,
Kept secret long from all mens Eyes,

To light will all now come,
Such Villanies as were never known,

Which Devils are ashame'd to own,

Yet acted were by *Rome*.

She that did say, *I fit a Queen,*

And hop'd no sorrow to have seen,

Now strangely is brought under ;

Which sure could never have been done

By any hand but his alone

Who is the God of wonder.

And he who hath such Marvels wrought,

And with just vengeance down hath brought

Englands and *Sions* Foe ;

Will greater things effect e're long,

And cause his Saints another Song

To sing, than now they do.

For there are none stand in his way

But they must fall or him obey,

For God is risen up ;

Those who have ruined good men,

Unless Repentance they obtain,

Must drink that very Cup :

For God a Righteous Judge will be,
For wicked men a scourge has he,

Let them be who they will ;
He is a God that cannot lye,
And therefore will Impartially
On all, his Word fulfil.

Come therefore, and loud praise proclaim
Unto Jehovah's Glorious Name,

All you his People Dear ;
Who long time have desir'd to see
An end of Sions misery,
For her Salvation's near.

The Tryal and Condemnation of Mystery Babylon, the Great Whore.

BUT what approaches ! Hark ! Methinks I hear
The Sound of dreadful Trumpets in mine ear,
To usher in Gods day of wrath and Ire
On those who did against his Saints conspire ;
The Great Assize, that happy day is come,
To Judge, and give the Whore her Fatal Doom,
She's charg'd with Treason 'gainst Gods Holy Laws,
Impartial Justice now will try the Cause,
She's seiz'd upon, and in the Taylors hand,
Who will produce her when he has command ;
Jehovah bids, that *Babylon* the Great
Be forthwith brought before the Judgment Seat.

Justice.

Most Sovereign Lord, who is it dares gain say
What thou command'st ? I must and will obey ;
Lo, here I bring the Scarlet Strumpet forth,
Before whom thou createdst Heaven and Earth ;

Thy

Thy Judgment Seat she seems to slight and scorn,
Says she's as guiltless as the Child unborn.

Jehovah.

"Her crimes lay open, and her facts declare,
"Turn up her skirts and let her faults appear,
"Let th' Universe by her Indictment see
"The cause of my most Just severity.

Justice.

Dread Sovereign of the VVorld! I will proceed,
And will her black Indictment loudly read,
Come forth great VVhore! & hear thy dismal charge
VVhich shall by proofs be evidenced at large;
By th' name of Babylon thou art hither Cited,
And by the name of VVhore thou stand'st Indicted
Thou void of Grace and Gods most holy Fear,
To Satans Machinations didst adhere;
VVith him to Plot against thy Sovereign Prince,
To whom thou oughtst to yield Preternience
In Ancient times he was thine only Spouse,
(Our Holy Law no Bigamy allows,)
Yet thou hast him perfidiously forsook,
And to thy self another Husband took,
And with a graceless Impudence art led,
By thy lewd train, to an *Adulterous Bed*;
Thou hast dethron'd him, and thy VVhorish face,
Sets up a monstrous Traytor in his place,
To whom thou hast blasphemous Titles given,
Exalting him above the God of Heaven;
Thou hast not only plaid th' *Adulteress*,
But plain Idolatry thou dost profess;
Of Treason, Murder Theft, abhorred things,
Of burning Cities, poisoning of Kings,
Of undermining States, and furthermore,
Of spoiling Trade and making Kingdoms Poor,
Of horrid Plots of cauleless bloody VVars,
And of contriving cruel Massacres,

For God a Righteous Judge will be,
 For wicked men a scourge has he,
 Let them be who they will ;
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Of burning Cities, poysoning of Kings,
Of undermining States, and furthermore,
Of Spoiling Trade and making Kingdoms Poor,
Of horrid Plots of cauleless bloody VVars,
And of contriving cruel Massacres,

Thou guilty art; Thy bloudy rage has hurld,
 Millions of Innocents out of the World,
 Prodigious numbers have in divers Lands
 Been sacrific'd by thy bloud-thirsty hands;
 Infatiate Butcheries that know no end,
 Thou stab'dst men when thou pity didit pretend;
 In times of Peace thy horrid rage has shed
 Bloud without Measure, thou hast murthered;
 (*Perfidious wretch*) thy nearest Neighbours when
 They thought themselves the most secure of men.
 Thou hast made currens of their guiltless bloud
 To run like waters of a mighty flood;
 Yea void of pity your inhumane Rage
 Destroy'd the Saints and spar'd no Sex nor Age,
 Speak bloudy VVhore, hold up thy graceless head;
 Guilty or not? By Law thou art to plead.

Babylon.

Look down, blest Virgin, and bid Justice stay,
 Speak to thy Son to drive my foes away;
 You glorious Saints who near St. Mary stand,
 In my distress lend me your helping hand;
 All Angels and Arch-Angels I invoke,
 To strengthen me, and to divert the stroke;
 These Hereticks will work my overthrow,
 I am amaz'd I know not what to do!

Beelzebub.

What needs my Darling thus to stand and pause?
 Thou know'st the Custom of our Romish Laws,
 Though black as hell, yet be not so forlorn,
 Swear that thou'rt guiltless, as the Child unborn;
 What violence to Hereticks you do,
 Is Lawful, honest and your duty too.

Justice.

Plead, vile Delinquent! or thou shalt receive,
 The fatal sentence which I am to give.

Babylon.

I do affirm the Charge is false, and I
 All Points of this Indictment do deny ;
 Produce your Proofs, I'll stand in just Defence
 Of my apparent spotless Innocence.

Justice.

THAT like a *Harlot*, of thine own accord,
 Thou hast forsaken thine espoused Lord,
 Will be made evident to thy disgrace,
 By clear *Probation* in its proper place.
 You say that you your God can daily make,
 Which is an *Idol* of a *Wafer-cake*.
 If thou dost *Shrines* and *Images* adore,
 And proved art th' *Apocalyptic Whore* ;
 If thou upon the *Scarlet Beast* dost sit,
 And lewdness with so many Kings commit,
 It clearly follows from these *Marks*, that thou
 Art a meer *Strumpet*, and hast broke thy *Vow*,
 If thou art by the *Papal Edict* led,
 Dis-owning Christ, and making that thy Head,
 The consequence is clear, for thou must be
 Guilty of *Whoredom* and *Idolatry*.
 And to examine thy notorious deeds,
 This great *Tribunal* out of hand proceeds :

Call in the Witnesses, —

Waldenses, Albingenses, Protestants of Piedmont, Savoy,
 &c.

DREAD Lord ! We're here,
 And with our Just complaint do now appear,
 That Bloody Whore, the Prisoner at the Bar
 Has follow'd us with a perpetual War,
 Because we would not to her Idols bow,
 Nor her curs'd Edicts, and vile Laws allow.
 About the dismal year of fifty five,
 A dreadful Massacre she did contrive

Within the territories of Savoy,
 Where thirty thousand Souls she did destroy
 In three days time ; Curs'd Edicts bid them turn,
 To Popery, or they must Hang, or Burn.
 Which when those Innocents refus'd to do ;
 Most horrid Execution did ensue,
 Our Brethrens brains out of their Heads were beaten
 And by curst Villains fry'd and after eaten ;
 Our Children rent to pieces ; Thrown to Dogs,
 And our dear Pastors flung as Meat to Hogs,
 Others on Pikes into the Air were toss'd,
 And many Others they alive did roast ;
 Some ti'd with Ropes they pierc'd unto the Hearts
 And hung up Others by their secret parts ;
 Housles and Barns full they have burnt, so that
 Our sufferings are beyond all Estimat.

Bohemia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania, &c.

TO satisfie this cruel Strumpets Lust,
 Some thousands have been turned unto dust,
 Our Towns, and famous Cities of renown
 She hath dis-peopled, burnt, or broken down ;
 The ruins still appear, and desolations,
 In many places of our spoiled Nations ;
 Great multitudes un-numbered she hath slain,
 Which in the Field unburied did remain.
 Our Brethren they have hung upon a Beam :
 And then consum'd them in a lingring Flame,
 Some she has into boiling Cauldrons put,
 And many others into pieces cut,
 Without respect unto the Heary Head,
 Into their Throats they pour'd down melted Lead ,
 And many other deaths she did contrive,
 Some burned were, and others fled alive.
 Into deep Mines, three thousand Souls and more,
 At several times were tumbled by this Vvhore,
 Because they would not their Religion leave,
 And unto Romish superstitions cleave.

That

That worthy man *John Hus* was burn'd to death,
For owning of the Apostolick Faith ;
Jerom of Prague, to fill her Measure up,
She made soon after drink that woful cup,
T'were endless to enumerate our grief ;
From thee, Just Judge, we do expect relief.

France.

A H ! How shall I my inward grief disclose ?
VVhat Tongue is able to recount my woes ?
Prodigious numbers of my natives have,
By this VVhores means, found an untimely grave,
The Barb'rous Harlot, would not be content
To Kill, or drive them into Banishment ;
But with unheard of Cruelty she must
Their Bodys mangle, to asswage her Lust ;
Some hang'd in VVater, yield their strangl'd breath,
Some brain'd on Anvils, some were starv'd to death,
Some hall'd with Puffis till the top they meet,
VVith heavy weights, and loads upon their Feet,
Rap't Maidens stab'd, poor Infants yet unborn
From Mothers Wombs, by bloody hands were torn ;
How many thousand guiltless Christians were
Butcher'd in the *Parisian Massacre* ?
Some broke on Crofies, some were cut in twain,
VVhilst others languished in lingring pain ;
Our worthy Kings have lost their noble lives,
By Jesuits Poyson, and by Monkish Knives.
I can produce an uncontrol'd record
Of many thousands murder'd by her Sword,
It would require whole volumes to transcribe
The bloody acts of this infernal Tribe.
Deep dolour hinders what I would say more,
O glorious Judg ! Avenge me on this Whore.

Italy, Spain, Portugal, Low-Countrys, &c.

R Enowned Judge ! those Witnesses that have
Their grief presented, and do Judgment crave,

*Save us much labour, for we heretofore
Have felt the same from this blood-thirsty Whore.
Besides, being next her seat, and near her power,
Her greedy Jaws our Brethren did devour ;
With cruel spite, and without intermission,
We have been tortur'd in her Inquisition ;
No Tongue can speak, the unexampled terror
Of that curst Pattern of Infernal Horror ;
They count it mild when they our persons burn,
And Wives and Children into Ashes turn,
They say they're courteous, when our Throats they cut,
Or when in Dungeons (dark as Hell) we are put,
They say they favour us, when they'll employ
Their Daggers, Pistols, Axes to destroy ;
In lingring flames they did our Brethren roast,
On Halberts tops we saw our Infants tost.
This we have suffer'd, and abundance more,
And all by means of this Infernal Whore.*

Ireland.

*Could deepest grief receive additions, I
Would give examples of her cruelty,
I can her in more monstrous colours draw,
Than bloody Nero or Caligula.
Those horrid tortures, which my Brethren say
She exercis'd on them, the same I may
Affirm t' have suffer'd, by the instigation
Of this vile Strumpet, whose abomination
Stinks in the Nostrils of each civil Nation,
Her cursed Priests, when first they did begin
Our Massacre, proclaim'd, it was a sin
Unpardonable, if they durst to give
Quarter, or our necessities relieve ;
Some they stript naked, and then made them go
Through Bogs and Mountains, in the Frost and Snow,
Men, Women, Children, then were butchered,
And all that spake our Language punished ;*

The very Cattel, if of English breed,
They flasht and mangled that they could not feed.

With joy that Romish and Rebellious brood
Have wash't their hands in English Martyr's bloud,
Thousands of naked Protestants, that fled
From these curst Villains, have been famished,
Their Faithless Gentry that pretended love,
Perwaded th' English, that they would remove
Their goods to them, but when possession got,
They like perfidious VVretches cut their throat,
Numbers of naked Women, they did drive
Into a Barn, and Burnt them all alive,
Each Sex and Age that could not from them fly,
Did by these blood Hounds without mercy die.

Once at the fatal Bridge of *Portladown*,
A thousand Souls these Miscreants did drown,
A Couple (with five Children) firſt they hung,
And in a hole th' expiring Bodys flung,
The youngest on the Mothers Breast did ſtick,
Cries, Mammy, Mammy, yet is buried quick,
Some hacket to pieces: travelling Women strip'd,
And half born Infants from their bellies rip'd,
Which (with their Mothers) hungry Dogs did eat,
And Swine fed on them as on common meat.
When ſome poor Souls in burning houses cry,
The Villains laid, *How sweetly do they fry ?*
When Holy Scripture in the Flames were cast,
They cry, *tis Hell Fire, and a lovely blast,*
That bleſſed Book when ſome have trampled on,
They cry, *Plague on t ! that has the mischief done;*
They made poor Wives their Husbands blood to spill,
And trembling Youth their aged Parents kill,
They forc'd the Son to stab his deareſt Mother,
And cauſ'd one Brother to deftroy another ;
Some they put fast in stocks, then teach a Brat
To rip them, and make Candles of their Fat,
How many Virgins did they ravish firſt ?
Then with their Hearts-blood quench their eager thirſt;

Some they did bury just unto the head,
And left them on surrounding grafts to feed.
Stuck fast on tender-hooks grave Matrons were,
And Virgins hang d up in their Mother's hair,
Some with their small guts out, were forc'd to run,
About a tree until their life was gone ;
The Mouths of Worthy Ministers they cut,
Unto their Ears, betwixt their Jaws they put,
A monstrous g g, then with a Romish coff,
Bid them go Preach their Mouchs were large enough.

And now thou seem'st the same thing to design,
All their Just Liberties to undermine,
By great Tyrannys power, yet once again,
By whom so many Protestants were slain,
And barbarous Acts formerly done by him,
To fill thy measure up unto the brim.

Alas ! who now can call an eye on me,
But must lament to see my misery,
And what a sad condition I am in,
By this vile Strumpets wicked Plots agen ?
Who hopes her cravng appetite once more,
To fill and glut with Protestant blood and gore,
By those curst Furies, who did boast with Joy,
They once two hundred thousand did deitroy,
We therefore pray as others did before,
For a Just Sentence on this bloudy Whore.

Scotland.

O H ! Monstrous horror ! Oh abhorred sink,
O villany ! O bloody threats that drink
The bloods of innocents ! which oft they quaff,
As freely as a common Mornings Draught !
Thousands of mine were hatched by this Whore,
In that poor Nation that has spoke before,
The scut'lings of my guiltless Natives were
Equal with theirs in every title there,
Yet this blood-thirsty Curtezan of Rome
Was not content, but tortured me at home,

Some

Some burnt, some hang'd, some scourg'd, some banish'd,
Some drown'd, and some in dungeons murdered,
A finking grief forbids me to enlarge,
Or else with ease I'd aggravate her Charge,
Since Gofpel Light did in my borders shine,
She thirsted to destroy both me and mine,
Her Imps all parts, Like filthy Locusts, fill,
And such as they cannot deylde they kill;
Her VVolves put on the habit of my sheep,
And in their folds destroy them as they Sheep ;
They have an Art to work upon the weak,
That they Gods order should in pieces break,
Under pretences of Reform'd Devotion,
They instigate the Rabble to Commotion ;
That in those troubled waters they may fish,
And bring about their long expected wish;
Their cursed Politicks have been employ'd
To ruin those that they have so decoy'd.
A thousand Forgeries they do invent,
To charge their Plots upon the Innocent,
That (whilst they Act the Rogues in Masquerade)
Poor guiltless Saints their Victims may be made,
Thus have I open'd something of my grief,
And from the Judge expect a quick relief.

England.

HAD I as many Tongues at my command,
As Argus Eyes or as Briareus hands,
Scarce could in a Century express
One half of my unspeakable distress!
In every age I had some Sons of Light,
That would discover Romes Egyptian night,
Yet they no sooner on the Stage appear,
But that her setting Dogs like Blood-hounds were
Upon the scent, and never left pursuit,
Until to death they did them persecute,
My Royal Edicts this bold Whore has broke,
And on my neck clapt her tyrannick Yoke ;

Vast treasures from my Natives were extorted,
And her Exchequer to enrich transported.
Prodigious Sums she yearly squeezed hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annals, Peter-pence)
And through each Land where she her triumphs led
Whole swarms of Locusts Priests and Friars bred,
These (as the Janizaries to the Turk)
Were faithful Slaves still to promote her work,
Whilst to maintain these Drones, she swept away
The Fat and Wealth of Nations for their prey.
Such as would not be by her witch-craft led,
Were Tortur'd, Murther'd, Burnt or Massacred,
The Papal Beast could in a frolick tell,
I was his Fountain inexhaustible.
She planted Priests and *Ganymeds* she rooted
Within my Bowels, which the Land polluted
With such a Pest of vile debaucheries,
As Pagans, Turks, and Infidels, outvies,
She crushes any that her acts opposes,
My Kings she Poisons, Murders, or Deposes ;
Some she deludes her Sovereignty to own,
And does instruct them to betray the Crown,
Her Lurking Vipers menace me with Storms,
Like *Egypt's* Frogs in pestilential swarms ;
She is so greedy nothing will suffice,
Unless I'm made a general sacrifice.

'Tis known to all the Earth how many ways,
She martyr'd Protestants in *Marian* days.
Then was I made a dismal field of Blood,
Which run like currents of a swelling Flood,
She flirs the *Spaniard* in a great bravado,
For to invade me with his proud *Armado* ;
The Hellish Powder Treason she prepares,
At once to blow up Commons, Kings and Peers,
Her hellish brands (without a spark of pity)
Consum'd to Ashes my Imperial City.
My Justices she does assassinate,
For many years she has been carrying on

A Damn'd intreague for my destruction,
And all the ways that Satan prompts her to
Contrive my fall, she's ready still to do,
Her spite and malice nothing will abate,
It's still more deadly and inveterate,
Dread Providence shall ever have my thanks,
That has discover'd her Infernal pranks;

Yea lately she much innocent bloud hath shed,
And divers worthy men hath Murdered,
Nay so insinuating too was she,
That she perswaded his late Majesty
To tast of her intoxicating Cup,
VWhich he unto his detriment drank up,
VWhereby the Church and State were ne're o'rethrown
Only to humor Cruel Babylon:
These with her other Crimes, considered,
I beg she justly may be Sentenced.

The Evidence summed up.

O Gulph of horror ! O profound Abiss,
VWas ever mischief half so black as this?
Thou monstrous Whore, what language can express
The boundless measure of thy wickedness?
Throughout the earth thou hast such mischief
As is amazing to a humane thought ; (wrought,
It would compel a heart of Stone to melt,
VWhen it revolves what Protestants have felt.
Thy bloody fury and Infernal rage,
Has persecuted them in every age,
Thou mad'st the Magistrates their Enemies,
And all the tortures that thou could'st devise,
Thou didst inflict, as History to us shows,
Some thou didst hang by th' head, some by the toes,
Yea Millions thou didst burn and broil on coles,
And others Starve to death in stinking holes.
Some of them thou didst cut in pieces small,
And Infants brains didst dash against the wall.

Upon their bodies thou didst tread like dung,
 Thou hadst no mercy upon Old or Young ;
 By thy curs'd Crew were Women ravished,
 VWho then (like Butchers) knockt 'em on the head,
 Some had their Eyes and tongues by thee pull'd out,
 Some were made harborless and forced about
 To wander, till in VVoods and dismal Caves,
 They found their woful and untimely Graves,
 VWhat rocky heart but justly may admire,
 Thy rage that made poor Children to set fire,
 To fatal Piles in which their Parents dear,
 In cruel flames consum'd to ashes were ;
 Thy wicked Agents have some Millions slain,
 VWho did endure the most inhumane pain
 Thy Bishops, Monks, and Fryers, could devise,
 VWhose blood to me for speedy vengeance cries.

The ways thou took'st to free a Soul from error,
 VWas unexampled flesh-amazing terror
 Of horrid Racks, whereon a man must lye,
 Tortur'd to death, and dying cannot die ;
 Accursed Wretch ! didst thou not give Commission,
 For to erect thy bloody Inquisition,
 That loathsome Dungeon and most nasty Cell,
 A place of horror representing Heli ?
 Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,
 Where Martyred Protestants can find no ears
 To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
 Nor hearts to pity their extorted groans,
 VWhere Saints in torment all their days must spend
 Not knowing when their sufferings will have end,
 Thousands by thee were in Bohemia slain,
 VWhose Carkasses unburied did remain.
 Thou mad'st thy Vassals fall upon that Nation,
 On no less penalty than their damnation,
 Didst thou not promise upon that condition,
 To give them full and absolute remission ?
 The vilest Wretch that on the Earth has stood,
 You fully pardon'd if he'd shed the blood,

Of one Bohemian. O stupendious rage !
Not to be parallel'd in any Age ;
But by thy self, 'twas judg'd *De Alva's* crime,
That he destroy'd no more in six years time
Than eighteen Thousand Souls ; were they so few
In the account of this blood-thirsty Crew ?
But if the VVretch, (*De Alva's*) bleudy Bill
Come short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments ; dreadful to rehersse,
The very mention cannot chuse but pierce
A Marble Heart, Make Infidels relent
Torments that none, but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little still,
His Predecessors did enlarge the Bill :
For from the time thy Hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive Commission,
By cruel torments (which they still retain)
There were a hundred fifty thousand slain,
From that black season, when the hellish rage
Of Jesuits acted on the European Stage,
In *England*, *France*, in *Italy*, and *Spain*,
By thy accursed bloody hands were slain,
Nine hundred thousand Souls or thereabout,
Ere many years had run their circuits out ;
Of poor *Americans* by Cruel *Spain*.
In fifty years were many Millions slain ;
The poor *Waldenses* whose enlightened Eye,
Thy filthy Whoredoms quickly did espy,
Thou hast with raging Persecutions rent,
And murder'd Parents with their Innocent
And harmless Babes. Thy more than barb'rous Crew,
Their cursed hands did in their bloud imbrew,
At once were Eighty Infants famished,
And many thousands basely murthered.
When some have fled into obscurest Caves,
Thy Villains made their hiding place their Graves,
What part of *Europe*, now can make their boast,
And say they have not tafted (to their cost)

Of thy malignity? What shall I say
 Of *Germany*, whose marty'd Spirits pray
 For speedy vengeance on thy cursed head?
 That Sea of Blood thou hast in *Ireland* shed,
 Cries night and day for Justice; now I fix
 My serious thoughts upon black sixty six;
 Thou bloody Strumpet, How canst thou repair
 The loss of *England's* great Imperial Chair?
 How many Rich men were to Beggars turned,
 When that brave Isle's *Metropolis* was burned
 By thy accursed fire-brands of Hell,
 Incarnate Devils without parallel?
 Brave Merchants of their great estates bereft,
 To day Rich men, to morrow nothing left;
 Their Wives and Children quite forlorn became,
 Their substance all consumed in the Flame.

But to conclude; I have not yet forgot
 Thy Powder-Treason, nor thy modern Plot;
 Nor all thy dismal Villanies that were
 Done in the *Merizedolian* Massacre,
 Should I but recapitulate thy charge,
 And speak of all thy Villanies at Large,
 'Twould fill vast Volumes; Often did I see
 The Lord of Life was crucified by thee,
 When his dear members Blood by thee was shed,
 Numberless numbers basely murthered:
 Yet still thou hast the Impudence to say,
 That thou art Innocent ev'n to this day,
 Yea thou proceedest as thou hast begun,
 And lately a great Monarch hast undone,
 Whom thou didst so delude, that he did try
 T'inslave us under Romish Tyranny,
 And probably thou hadst attain'd thy end,
 But that God did to us deliverance send:
 And did defeat thy Hellish Enterprize,
 Throwing thee down, that Sion might arise;
 Yea thy Espousals thou didst often break,
 Canst thou deny it? Shameless, Strumpet speak.

Babylon.

" I am the Mother Church, and hence deny
" That filthy name I am indicted by,
" The odious Epithet of Scarlet Whore
" Is daily laid unjustly at my door ;
" I am Christs Church, his Spouse, and only Love,
" His undefiled one, and spotless Dove:
" Pray then forbear the Sentence, look about
" To find that Whore, and grand Delinquent out,
" Bold Hereticks who never would adhear
" To the true Faith and Apostolick Chair,
" Have born my just rebukes, scme more, some less,
" As was their Pride, Rebellion, Wickedneis.

Judge.

Thou graceless Wretch thou art bereft of shame,
How dar'st thou thus deny thy proper name ?
Christ's Church his Members never did annoy ;
Nor Persecute, and Millions thus destroy.

Tis to no purpose for thee to dispute,
For all thy Forgeries I can confute,
I am thy Judge, and never will pass by.
Thy horrid acts and Bloody Villany.
The time's at hand when I'le fullfil my word,
And in just fury draw my glittering Sword,
My frown shall make thy proud foundation quake,
And all the Pillars of thy House I'le shake.
Dost think because I did forbear so long,
That I will not revenge my Childrens wrong ?
What I resolve to do, or will command,
No Pope, nor Devil ever can withstand,
He that presum'd great Monarchs to depose,
Shall soon be tumbled down by some of those
Whom he so crusht ; from Hell he did ascend,
And thither shall be flung down in the end,
He'll surely fall and never rise again ;
The hope thou hast of him is therefore vain,

There's no recalling of the Sentence gone,
Thy Execution day approaches on.

Truth.

Most glorious Judge since this bold Whore denies
Her filthy lewdnes, and Adulteries,
Let me but prove it, and proclaim her shame,
'Tis known that I a faithful VWitness am,
It has been Evidenc'd by Vision clear, (pear ;
That some strange Monster should on Earth ap-
Which by imperfect views did fitst amaze
Sagacious minds, when they on it did gaze,
Which made mens Judgments to divide asunder,
To see an object of unusual wonder.
A Woman ! City ! And a Scarlet Whore !
The like on Earth was never seen before ;
A VWoman in her pompous glory dreft,
And sitting on a monstrous horned Beast,
Who is decyphered by Prodigious things,
His very Horns (explain'd) are Crowned Kings ;
And then this mighty VVonder to compleat,
She's placed on a seven hilled Seat,
She's stil'd a VWoman and a VWhore, because,
She once submitted to Enacted Laws,
As other VWomen do, when they do wed
A Husband, and enjoy a Marriage Bed ;
And who this Woman is, shall now be known,
Her proper title is (Great Babylon)
VVho in great Pomp and Royal State doth ride,
Excelling haughty Jezebel in pride,
VVho in our Modern times hath boasting been,
That she rules all Men as a Mighty Queen,
Trampling on Kings and Crowned Potentates,
Commanding Kingdoms, Common-wealths, and
Requiring Subjects blindly to obey, (States,
Pressing the Beast, and Horns to Kill and Slay,
At such a rate, as that all Christendom,
Like Butchers bloody Shambles are become.

If by this mark she is not understood,
Neither by Garb, Beast, Actions, or by Blood,
To other ways of proof, I'le quickly come,
And shew this Whore to be the Church of *Rome*.

The Woman which th' Apostle *John* beheld,
Arayed in Purple, and in Pomp upheld,
By that Blasphemous, Scarlet-colour'd Beast,
That was with Gold, and Stones of value drest,
Holding a cup full of abominations,
And black pollutions of her fornications,
That with great Kings Adultery commits,
And on a sev'n-hill'd Habitation fits ;

* Rev. 17.13.

* The holy Angel of the Lord explains,
That 'tis the City which so proudly reigns
Over the Kings of th' Earth ; but all these notes,
(And what besides the blessed Spirit quotes)

With Papal *Rome* exactly do agree,
She therefore must this bloody Strumpet be ;
If all the marks of this great Whore are given,
Will not meet any where so plain and even,
As on the Church and People I did name,
Then certainly she is the very same ;
For it is evident that there is none,
May be so fitly stiled *Babylon*.

'Twas she that took the Word of God away,
And by a string of Beads taught men to pray ;
She rob'd the Laity of the blessed Cup,
And spoil'd the Feast where Children came to sup,
At the Lords Table, where they us'd to mind
The blessed things their Saviour left behind,
She did set up her superstitious Mass,
As rank an Idol as yet ever was,
Commanding adoration to be given,
Of equal honour with the God of Heaven ;
Imposing Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
Implicit Faith and thousand Superstitions ;
Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
Damnable Errors, and fond Fepperies ;

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She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her dictates are infallible.
Did Babylon the burning work begin,
Make a hot furnace? Thrust Gods Worthies in?
This Church herein hath driven such a trade,
That thousands, broiling Martyrs she hath made,
She sets the Pope above the Holy One,
The great Jehovah and his blessed Son.
Tis she declares him Universal Head,
'Tis she forbids the Bible to be read.
'Tis she that first did from the Faith depart,
'Tis she that wounded Sion to the Heart,
'Tis she hath been the occasion of all evil,
'Tis she advanc'd the Doctrine of the Devil,
'Tis she that taught her Sons to swear and lie,
To vouch great falsehoods, and plain truths deny,
'Tis she that did forbid the Marriage Bed,
Whilst her vile Clergy such ill Lives have led;
Was it not she that Canon did create,
Commanding People to abstain from Meat,
Which God gave licence unto all to eat?

That all may know we do to Rome no wrong,
A little Book will publish'd be ere long,
That will make it most evident and clear,
That only Papal Rome's intended here;
If from this charge she can her self defend,
Then may she make the Judge and Law her friend,
Or if she can produce another Tribe,
To whom we may this Character ascribe.
With greater clearness than we do to her,
We will consent her sentence to defer.

Judge.

Rome, since thou canst not make a fair Defence,
And shew to all the World thine Innocence.
Tis very evident that all these things,
Have been fulfilled, on Kingdoms and their Kings,

And

And now if there no other people be,
That did the like, then thou alone art ſhe ;
Let thy denials trouble men no more,
Thou only art the bloody Scarlet Whore,
Therefore in Justice I at length am come,
(Being Long provokt) to paſt thy final Doom.

The Sentence.

RO M E ! Thou haſt been indiſted by the Name of *Mystery Babylon, Mother of Harlots, Scarlet-coloured Whore, False Church, and Pretended Spouse of jefus Christ*; and thou art found Guilty of all the Horrid and Prodigious Crimes following : That thou diſt Apostatize from the Holy Religion of God and his Son Jefus Christ; and diſt advance the Pope or Man of Sin, and haſt Sacrilegiously attributed and given to him those Names and Titles which belong only to God, and the Great *Emmanuel*, magnifying his Decrees in wicked Councils above the Laws of God, and haſt made void the Laws and Constitutions of the Gofpel; making the Church Na-tional, and forming whole Kingdoms into one Universal Church. Thou haſt inſinuated thy ſelf into the Courts of the Emperors, Kings, and Princes of the Earth, perfwading them to commit Fornication and Idolatry with thee, to the utter Ruin and Degradiation of many of them, as well as of fe-veral Peers, Noblemen, & others, of all Ranks and Degrees. Thou haſt contrived innumerable Treafons, Rebellions and Seditions; thereby endeavouring to be-tray Kingdoms and States, and to ſubjeſt them to the Pope and See of Rome. Thou haſt laboured to Corrupt and Debauch all Nations by countenancing and allowing Stews and Rotheſt-houſes, where filthy and abominable Sodomy, and Adulteries are pra-cticed; Haſt muſthered the beſt of Men, even the Saints of Jefus, putting them to all manner of cruel Tortures and Deaths, that with the Devil's assistance could be invented; Ripping up Women with Child, causing thy villanous Sons to ravish Chrift Women and Virgins, and then barbarously Muſthering them. Thou haſt Burned Thousands alive, Roasted many on Spits, Thrown worthy Christians into Furnaces of boylng Oyl; Blown their Heads in pieces with Gun-powder; Fleaing off their Skins alive; Starving ſeveral to Death, and exercising on them abundance of other hideous Torments. Thou haſt made Wives to be Widdows, and Children Fatherleſs, Towns and Cities to be without Inhabitant; Haſt burned famous Cities, and deſtroyed divers Counties by Fire, Sword, and other lamentable Devaſtations, and haſt endeavour'd to enſlave others, by depriving them of their Juſt and Good Laws, Liberties, and Properties. Thou haſt not only murder'd the Bodies, but like-ſwise the Souls of multitudes of People. In ſhort, Thou haſt been guilty of ſhedding a mighty maſs of innocent Blood, by cutting off Millions of Men, Women and Children without caufe, and many other unspeakable Enormities haſt thou committed. For all which horrid Crimes thou haſt been Legally Indiſted and Tryed, and againſt which thou haſt made no defence : And therefore by the Laws of God, Nature and Nations, thou oughteſt to be Punished

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according to the following Sentence. Thou shalt be thrown off the Ten Horn'd Beast in every Kingdom whereon thou hast sat, and all the 7 Vials of God's Wrath shall successively be poured out upon thee, by the Angel, out of the Temple, till thou art utterly consumed from off the face of the Earth ---- The Horns or Powers of the Nations which thou hast deceived (with the Swords of good men) shall destroy thee; Death, Mourning and Famine shall come upon thee in one day, and thou shalt be utterly burnt with Fire. Amen, Hallelujah.

*An Hymn of Praise upon Babylons Fall,
grounded upon, Revel. 19. 1, 2, 3, 4.*

ROUSE up, my Muse, attend and hear
What Melody is in mine ear,
For Sions Joy is at the door.

Great Babel howls, and is in pain,
Now falling is that Bloody Whore;

And never more shall rise again,
The Saints and all that dwell on high,
Sing Allelujahs constantly,

That haughty City called Great,
Which boasted of her lofty Seat,
Is on a sudden now brought under.

She prostrate in the dust does lye,
Hearken; I hear a mighty Thunder,
Which no good man doth terrify,
For Babels fall'n; and Saints now sing,
Sweet Allelujahs to their King.

Out of the Throne, voices descend,
As if they would the Heavens rend,
With Praises unto God on High,
For he's come forth in dreadful ire,

And hath the VVhore Judg'd righteously,

To be consum'd in flaming Fire,
They Hallelujahs sing amain,
Nay hear! They double them again.

See! How her Smoak does fill the air,
Whilst Harpers sing and merry are,

And

And with one voice loud Praise proclaim,

To God the Lord Omnipotent,
Ah ! how they magnify his name,

With th' highest strains they can invent,

Again they *Hallelujahs* sing
To God and Christ their Glorious King.

Yet this Joy's only in One Isle,
Which *Babel* lately strove to spoil,
Scituate in the Northern Sea.

That Heav'n has sav'd from Bloody *Rome*.
Could *Ireland* too as joyful be,

Would God in Mercy to them come,
How would it add unto our Joys,
Our *Hallelujahs*, and our Praise.

A Happy Land thou seem'st to be,
And greater Glory shalt thou see.

If by Repentance thou dost fly
To God in Christ by Faith and Pray'r,
And cast off all Iniquity.

For God will then remove thy fear,
And then thou shalt have cause to sing
Sweet *Allelujahs* to thy King.

Poor *Ireland* and *France* also,
E're long shall triumph as we do ;

For God will quickly crush his Foes.
Their Bloud like water out he'l pour,
Their Flesh shall feeding be for Crows.
And the Great Whore shall be no more;
That *Allelujahs* may be sung
Throughout the Earth by old and young.

Now God Omnipotent will Reign,
Who will the Pride of Nations stain,

And make his Pow'r and Glory known;
His Son he'l set on *Sion* Hill;

His Enemies shall be overthrown,
He will the Earth with Glory fill;

In th' heights of Sion we shall sing
Sweet Allelujahs to our King.

Sighs for *Ireland*.

O Lord who hast such wonders wrought
Of late as well as formerly!
And down with vengeance now hast brought
Thy Churches bloody Enemy;
Oh! look upon poor *Ireland*,
And save them with thine own right hand.

Lord Bless our King; and as he's great,
Let him be likewise just and good;
His Enemies, O Lord defeat!
VWho greedily thirst for his blood:
Oh! be his guard continually,
From workers of Iniquity.

Shall *England* thus triumph and sing,
VWhilst *Ireland* still does bleeding lye?
Ah! this is an afflicting thing,
It wounds our Souls, and makes us cry,
To *Ireland*, Lord, send help we pray,
Ah! succour them without delay.

Unite us here, and make us one,
And let our mutual Love appear,
Let's never into fractions run,
And then our Foes we need not fear,
Whilst Protestants united be,
No dread of *Rome* or Popery.

The Sun on us begins to shine,
Lord! let it break forth more and more,
And by that mighty pow'r of thine,
Confound our Foes as heretofore;
Arise O Lord, Let *Ireland* be,
Reliev'd with speed and sav'd by thee.

These days in *England* seem to us,
As pleasant as the flourishing spring,

Distressed Sion Relieved.

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Oh ! let them still continue thus !

Prevent our Foes ; Preserve our King ;
Thy People, Lord, in *Ireland*
Redeem with thy out-stretched hand.

When we for Darkness look't, and Night,
At Evening tyde we did behold
The Sun broke forth with Glorious Light,
As in the Scripture 'tis foretold.
O're *Ireland*, Lord, thy beams display,
Like to the dawning of the day.

Let not our Sun Eclipsed be,
Nor Clouds of Darkness interpose
Between Great *Britain*, Lord, and thee,
Since thus in Mercy thou art rose :
From *Ireland* let's good Tydings here,
That thou likewise art risen there.

Let not thy Glorious Sun appear
To lighten only these dark Parts ;
But let the Nations, far and near,
Thy Gospel-Light have in their hearts :
From *Ireland*, Lord, all Clouds expel ;
Oh, pity there thy *Israel*.

Let Light and Glory there break forth,
And Popish darkness thence be gone ;
That all good Protestant's on Earth
In the Truth, may be joyn'd in one :
On *Ireland*, Lord, Compassion take,
Their Sorrows we our own would make.

Let the French Tyrant, thy Great Foe,
The Scourge and Plague of Christendom,
Receive an utter Overthrow ;
Ah ! quickly let his downfall come :
Those vile Usurpers, Lord, abase,
And pity there, thy Childrens case.

Let France, and Spain, and Germany
Be lightned be ; and let them see
The folly of Idolatry :
From Babylon, Lord, make them flee,
Because her Judgment now is come,
And they thereby may 'scape her doom.

Let Christendom new Christened be,
(why should they still believe a Lye ?)
And not on Names depend ; But see
The great Deceits of Popery :

Christ's Name no good at all will do,
Unless they have his Nature too.

Let thy blest Gospel grow and work
Victoriously in every place;

Let *Tartars*, and the ignorant *Turk*
Enlightened be with Heavenly Grace:
Poor Ireland, Lord, relieve with speed,
For whom our Hearts do almost bleed.

Send forth thy Light ev'n like the Moon,
That it o're all the Earth may fly,
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*:
That all Lands, which in darkness lye,
May see how they have gone astray,
And be reduc'd to the Right way.

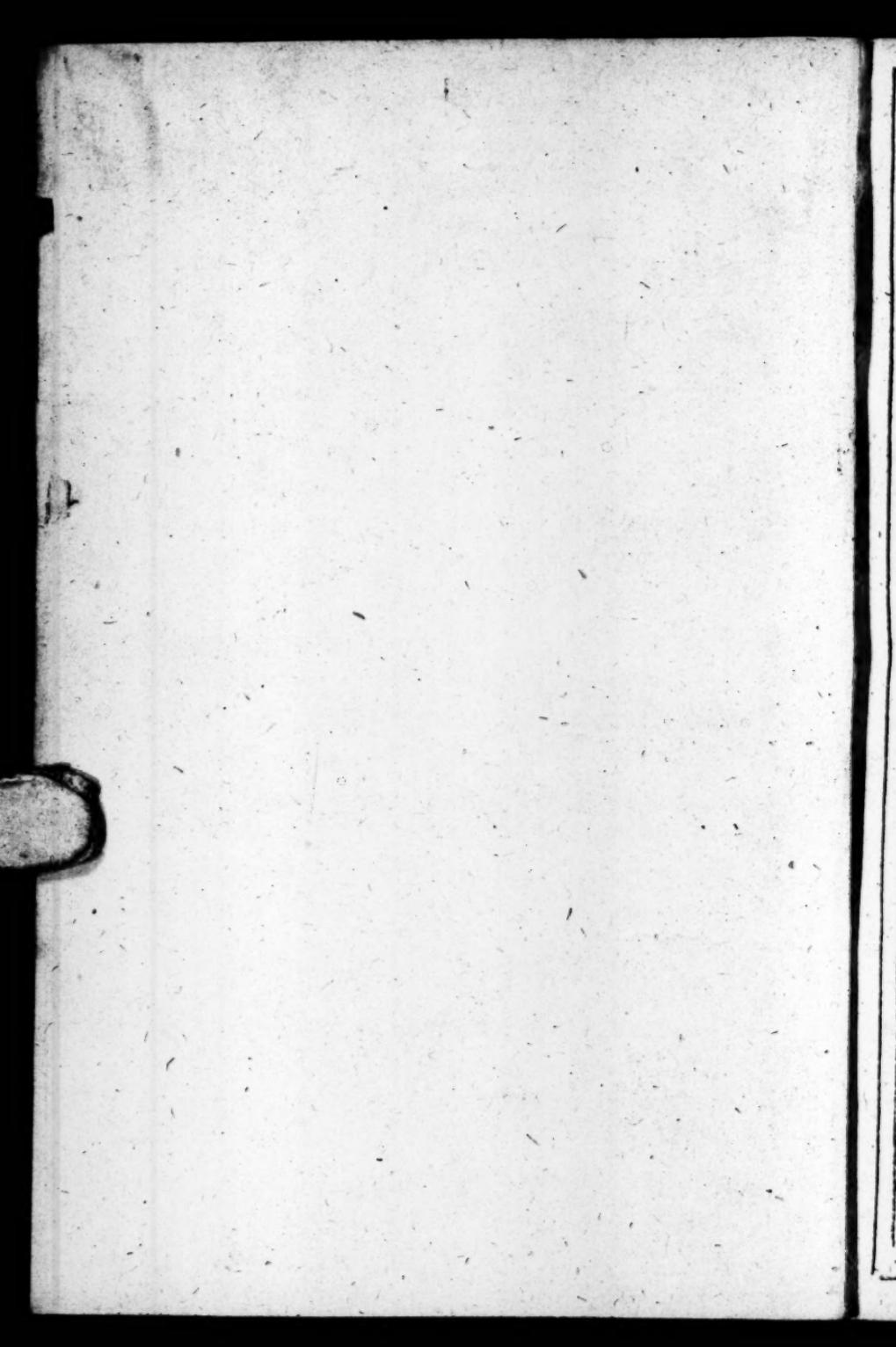
The fulnes of the Gentiles now
Bring in; and give them all a Call,
That they may unto Jesus bow,
And under his Dominion fall:
That Popish Pow'r, which do's annoy
Poor Ireland, Lord, do thou destroy.

The Gospel-Tydings, and good News
Of Jesus Christ the Saviour,
Declare to the hard-hearted Jews,
And their strong Unbelief o're-power:
Oh let the Gospel on them shine,
For *Abraham*'s sake, that Friend of thine.

The Saints be'ng many Members join'd,
One Body make; the Head thou art;
Lord, let them have One Will, One Mind,
Let this One Body have One Heart:
Then shall I see a blest increasè
Of Sion's Glory; *Israel*'s Peace.

Out of all Nations under Heaven
Expel thick Darkness, Lord, away;
Let Power to thy Saints be given,
That all may thee and them obey:
Meant while, let these three Northern Lands
United be in Sacred Bands.
Let *Holland* likewise Happy be,
Bless those Great Sev'n; Preserve these Three.





Distressed Sion RELIEVED,

O R,

The Garment of Praise for the Spirit
of Heaviness.

A Poem.

Wherein are Discovered the Grand Causes of
the Churches Trouble and Misery under the
late Dismal Dispensation.

With a Compleat History of, and Lamentation
for those Renowned Worthies that fell in *England*
by Popish Rage and Cruelty, from the Year 1680
to 1688.

Together with an Account of the late Admirable
and Stupendious Providence which hath wrought
such a sudden and Wonderful Deliverance for this
Nation, and Gods Sion therein.

Humbly Dedicated to their Present Majesties.

By Benjamin Keach, Author of a Book called, *Sion in
Distress, or the Groans of the True Protestant Church.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for Nath. Crouch at the Bell
in the Poultry near Cheapside. 1689.

Books from Tippecanoe
see mounted 2/19 '26

Div. I.

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and sent to the

Refugee Fund

or to the Library Fund

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To their Most Excellent Majesties
William and Mary, by the Grace of
God, King and Queen of *England*,
&c.

Dread Soveraigns,

May it please your Majesties
MOST graciously to cast your Princely Eyes,
And to accept of this small worthless Mite,
From one, whose Soul's enamour'd with the sight
Of seeing you brought to Great Britains Throne,
Whch Angels do delight to look upon.

Methinks I see the Cherubs clap their wings,
Singing sweet Anthems to the King of Kings,
That such a King and Queen are set on high,
In glorious Power and Soveraign Majesty.
No marvel 'tis, since by Angelick Power
You're both preserved to this happy hour.
For sure he's blind who can't discern most clear
What by Heavens Conduct you were both brought
Such a stupendious Providence before (here.
Was never known, and never may no more

To the King and Queen.

*Be seen again in this Great Northern Isle,
Which fills our hearts with joy, & makes us smile.
What a distressed and forlorn estate
Was this now glorious Kingdom in of late.
Poor England, alas ! did bleeding lye,
For many years inslav'd by Tyranny.*

*And Sion too was in the same condition,
Weeping with bitter groans, and deep contrition.
Let me a little freely now dilate
Upon Great Britains miserable state :
When first on her you cast your Royal look,
And her Salvation likewise undertook,
A glorious Enterprize, which Heaven did bless
With such amazing and admir'd success.*

*Sick, sick, as heart can hold, the Kingdom lies,
Filling each corner with her mournful cryes ;
Sometimes she burns, as when a Fever beats ;
Anon Despair brings cold and clammy sweats.
No rest she gains, or if she do, she dreams
Of Massacres, Fires, Blood, and direful Theams.
She no Physicians finds ; Bold Empiricks
Are from St. Omers sent, to try their tricks,
Who wicked crafty counsel take together,
To poysone her, 'twas this that brought them hither
Nay hold (says Petre) we'll first let her blood
That's fit for her, and will do us most good.*

To the King and Queen.

Her Blood's infected, so corrupt, I see,
Nought else can cure her Northern Heresie.
But let us first prescribe a Golden Pill
To ease her, that she may suspect no ill,
But may conclude we choice Physicians be;
The Pill that they prepar'd was Liberty;
Curiously gilt it was, and tasted well,
But when 'twas down she int' an Ague-fell;
Then these State-Mountebanks do her assure
Jesuits-Powder will effect the cure.
Yet still she's sick, and seiz'd with stronger fits,
Which made most think these Drs. all were Cheats.
Their Physick was of such a composition,
It made the Body Politick in confusion;
And many evidently did foresee
'Twas to effect a direful Tragedy.
They did pretend to purge ill humours out,
That they their black Designs might bring about;
And th'evil humours which did lurking lie
In divers parts o'th' Body, grew thereby
More strong and vigorous, and did disturb
What nature did before so strongly curb,
That wise Physicians made this wise conclusion,
'Twould wholly change the Bodys constitution
From good to bad, from healthy, free, and sound,
Would cause malignant humours to abound.

To the King and Queen.

Ill ones, no doubt, it was design'd to nourish,
Tho', for awhile, some good ones it did cherish.
Thus may a Medicine, which is safe and good,
(As Liberty is, if rightly understood)

When ill prepared, and unduly given,
Prove dangerous as any under Heaven;

And pity 'tis this universal Pill,

That has wrought wonders, was design'd so ill.

But ah ! what shall she do ? th' Impostors Art
Her head doth poison, and corrupt her heart ;
Must she, O must she die ! O hear her groans !
Hear Sions too ; O hearken how she moans !
There is no help but from the God of Wonder,
'Tis he alone that's able to bring under
This Foe to Nature, which is grown so strong,
And hath her vital parts opprest so long.

All her Physicians weep, and secretly
Were heard to say, poor England now must die,
Unless th' Almighty by his own right hand
Work Miracles to save our sinking Land.
But who's the Instrument will rise up for her ?
Who is the Man whom God delights to honour,
To bring relief when all her hopes were gone ?

Great Sir, 'twas you Jehovah fixt upon ;
No sooner heard she your victorious Name,
But she reviv'd, and cheerful soon became :

But

To the King and Queen.

But ah! the Winds were cross, this made us fear
We n're should have your long'd-for presence here.
And when we heard you were upon the Seas,
Our hearts rejoiced, yet had not perfect ease;
We doubted still what dangers you might meet
In that most Glorious and Renowned Fleet,
Yet still our Prayers more fervent were and more
To see your Royal Person safe on shore :

And all the time in England you have been,
What strange amazing wonders have we seen?
A poor sick Land divided; by Christ's power
Made whole and all united in an hour,
United so, as joyntly to combine
To own this just and glorious design.

O're us long hung a black and dismal Cloud,
From whence we fear'd a dreadful storm of blood;
Set when it brake, nought but sweet dews distill,
This, this may sure our souls with wonder fill,
To see a Mighty Army rais'd by Rome,
Some flie for fear, and others Friends become,
To gain the Victory, yet never fight,
This plain appears Gods hand to all mens sight.
Poor Sion, who i'th' dust did prostrate lie,
Bewailing her approaching misery,
Began to rouse, and on her feet to stand,
When you upon the English Shore did land.

To the King and Queen.

She long expected, in our Hemisphere
A glorious Star would certainly appear;
And now he's come, she can't forbear to sing,
With Joy to welcom her desired King;
And as the Sun, whose powerful reflection
Gives to all Vegetables resurrection;
Even so Gods Witnesses now raised are,
Whose bodies lay like dead so lately here.
For though it was in the cold Winter time,
We saw so great a change in our sharp Clime
As made us cry, The Winter now is gone,
Our powerful Rays in this our Horizon,
Made Flowers bud as in the early Spring,
And chirping Birds melodiously to sing
We heard the Turtles Voice too in our Land,
Such mighty Blessings, Thankfulness command;
Blessings which England never knew before,
For which the God of Heaven we should adore:
And since our Sun is risen, let him shine
Most gloriously in Rays which are Divine,
Like powerful Sol, whose Soul reviving Beams,
Whose warming nature and delightful gleams,
Send forth on all his powerful Influence,
So let him equally his warmth dispence.

Nor can we fail of this our expectation,
It's like your self, 'tis like your Declaration,

Tou

To the King and Queen.

Tou by some just sublime and sacred Arts
Are both become the King and Queen of hearts ;
Tou there erect your Throne, 'tis there you reign,
Sure such a Kingdom always will remain.
Oh may our Sun never Eclipsed be,
Oh may he send his Beams from Sea to Sea,
And may he give an Universal Light,
That all dark Regions may receive their sight ;
And may his strong attractive Power likewise
Dry up those nauseous sinks of sin that rise
And grow so ripe, unto our Nations shame,
And high dishonour of Jehovah's Name :
May he his growing cherishing Beams display
Upon the Good and Virtuous, so that they
May all strive to exceed in fruitfulness,
And flourish like those Trees the Lord doth bless.
But let him, Lord, be a hot scorching Sun
To thy grand Foe, The Whore of Babylon :
Let him make all those noisom weeds to fade,
And lose the glory which they lately had,
So that the Flower de Luce may hang the head,
It is high time it quite were withered.
Let proud Tyrconnels heart now die away,
To hear who does Great Britains Scepter sway.
Let our Dear Sovereign send such powerful Darts
As may subdue the most rebellious hearts

Of

To the King and Queen.

Of Teagues and Tories in that mournful Land
O're which our Princes long have had command;
But let him be a healing Sun unto
His People, and their Differences subdue;
When Both have run their Race, Crown Both on
Among thy Saints to all Eternity. (high,

So prays your Majesties most humble
and most obedient and truly Loyal
Subject,

Benj. Keach.

TO



TO THE READER.

YOU are here presented with a Poem that gives a full Relation of the woful state and sufferings of the Protestant Church from the year 1680. until the year 1688. Together with an Account of those Worthy Christians and Renowned Heroes that suffered during the same space of time. In the year 1666. I wrote a Treatise called *Sion in Distress*; I then perceiving Popery ready to bud, and would, if God prevented not, spring up afresh in this Land, and then in 1680. came forth a new Edition, with such Enlargements, which made it very different from the first Impression, which was entitled also, *Sion in Distress*, or *The Groans of the True Protestant Church*, wherein I shewed the Causes of her Calamities, with an Enumeration of some prevailing Sins; together with the Plots and Contriyances of Rome against *Sion*, which Book received general Acceptance. But now this, as the Title assures you, brings better News for our great joy and astonishment at what God hath wrought; he hath graciously been pleased to turn our sorrow and mourning into Rejoicing.

You have therefore an Account of the glorious Deliverance both of Church and State from Popery and Slavery by the hand of His now present Majesty, which as it is the Wonderment of this present Age; so it will be, no doubt, of future Generations: But since the excellencies of things appear best, when compared to their contraries, as Light, when compared to Darknes, and Health to Sicknes, and Liberty

to

The Epistle to the Reader.

to Bonds, &c. I have repeated many things that you have in *Sion in Distress*, which set forth her deplorable condition, that so we may the more clearly discern and admire the present blessing and future glory of God's Church; but because many grounds of *Sions Complaint* still continue, such I mean as respect the Divisions that are amongst good Protestants, and the sad Enormities of Professors, she doth repeat those her Sorrows with some fresh aggravations and additions of them: And since the Great *Whore* is fallen, and suddenly too in this Kingdom, and many that represent her are in hold, I have added something concerning her Tryal, Sentence or Condemnation, that was in the last, which part lookt to such a happy hour as this is; and tho' we cannot perfectly foresee what God is about to do, as yet, we being but in the morning of the approaching glory---yet are we full of expectation, that the work of God in respect of these great and longed-for blessings, will not go back again, but do believe their present Majesties are raised up to be glorious Instruments in the hand of God beyond what some ('tis like) may suppose; nor do I doubt but that the slain Witnesses are a-getting out of their graves; time will open things clearer to us: But I am sure we cannot sufficiently adore the Divine Goodness for that Salvation wrought by his own right hand; let us strive to be thankful to God, and labour to live in love one with another, and improve the present Providence; for since God hath graciously been pleased to do wonders for us, let us endeavour to do some great things for him.

If this may stir up any to act and do valiantly in *Israel*, and be any ways useful to the Church of God, or to any Member thereof, I have my desire,

*Who am still thy Souls Friend and
Servant for Christs sake,*

Benjamin Keach.

ON



On the Ingenious Author of the Poem called, *Distressed Sion Re- lieved.*

OVR Author heated with Seraphick Fire,
Which did his late lamenting Muse inspire.
He thereby in the highest notes of grief
Wept Tears in Verse when Sion lackt Relief
From Art high lofty strains he would not borrow.
But only did describe a Natural sorrow.
His clear discerning Soul did then foretel
Her danger, and what afterward befel.
He gave us warning to prevent the stroke,
Sins to forsake, and Mercy to invoke,
Yet would not without Consolation leave us,
Nor did that Book of comfort quite bereave us,
But still assur'd us, That the Scarlet Whore
Should in a short time fall and rise no more.

What he did then predict we hope that we
Within a little while perform'd shall see,
That Heav'n on Sion's sorrows will look down,
And for her sufferings will at length her Crown.

That

To the Author.

That Sion late distrest, God will relieve,
And for her troubles comfort to her give.

These Hopes our Authors Soul do now inspire,
they rouse his Muse, and make him to admire
What Great Deliverance is already wrought,
So great that it was ev'n beyond our thought.
This he in cheerful accents to us sings,
And our past sufferings to our memory brings.
The Glory of those Worthies he revives,
That for their Countrey offered their Lives.
They Popery and Slavery did withstand,
Which was ev'n ready to o're-spread the Land.
And though God did not then success afford,
Our Author doth their Gallant Names record ;
And thereby hath himself obtain'd a Name
That shall be registered in the Book of Fame ;
When he is gone, his Works shall never dye,
But still be Famous to Posterity.

C. N.

Distreſſed

Distressed Sion RELIEVED,

O R,

The Garment of Praise for the Spirit
of Heaviness.

FOR almost Thirty years last past have I
Seen Floods of Tears flowing continually
From *Sions* Eyes, whose sad distressed state
With Filial Sympathy I did relate.

In Sixty Six a year of expectation
Came no relief, but still fresh Lamentation;
When she was told her sorrows would be o're,
That year produc't more sorrow than before,
Which caus'd me who in Prison then did lye
To sigh and sob, and weep most bitterly,
In prospect of what I saw coming on
Poor *Sion*, e're her miseries would be gone,

And

And therefore did before that year run out,
 Foretel some things time since hath brought a
Sions Distresses plainly did appear, (bout.
 And still they did increase year after year,
 Until the time the Popish Plot was known,
 That Grand Intrigue of Bloody *Babylon*,
 My Soul had then some ease, I then did hope
 The day was come should quite o'rethrew the (Pope,

And bloody Whore, That cursed Church of *Rome*,
 That she would now receive her fatal Doom ;
 But all my hopes being frustrate, I again
 In the year Eighty pour'd out Tears amain.
 For at that time came forth a new Addition
 To *Sions* groans and sorrowful condition,
 When I had thought poor *Sions* woes were gone,
 What dismal Clouds o're-spread our Horizon ;
 Just as I deem'd I spy'd the morning Light.
 How were we threatned with a dismal Night
 Of Popish Darkness ; this I did descry,
 And mourn'd in Verse for *England's* misery,
 But *Sion's* troubles I did most lament,
 Whose Enemies were strong and insolent,
 Which caused me in Christian Sympathy
 With bitter groans my grief to testifie
 In this sad manner :

‘ WHat dismal vapour in so black a form
 ‘ Is this which seems Harbinger to a Storm
 ‘ What pitchy Cloud invades our starry Sky,
 ‘ To stop the beamings of the Worlds great Eye
 ‘ What

Distressed Sion Relieved.

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- ‘What spreading Sables of *Egyptian* Night
- ‘Would rob the Earth of its illustrious Light?
- ‘What interposing Fog obscures our Sun?
- ‘What dire Eclipse benights our Horizon?
- ‘Is *England’s* Great and Royal Bridegroom fled?
- ‘Is its *Aurora* newly gone to Bed,
- ‘That scattered Clouds make such prodigious haste,
- ‘Combine in one, and re-unite so fast?
- ‘Clouds that so lately dissipated were,
- ‘Do now conspire to make a darker Air.
- ‘I mourn unpitied, groan without relief;
- ‘No bounds nor measures terminate my grief,
- ‘The Sluces of mine Eyes are too too narrow
- ‘To vent the Streams of my increasing sorrow.
- ‘Ebbs follow swelling Floods, and springing Days
- ‘Adorn the Fields which Winter dis-arrays.
- ‘All States and Things have their alternate ranges,
- ‘As Providence the Scene of Action changes.
- ‘All Revolutions hurry to and fro,
- ‘Yet rest and settlement at length do know.
- ‘But helpless I have often lookt about
- To find some ease and Soul refreshment out,
- Yet can I see no prospect of relief,
- But swift additions multiply my grief.
- As Pilgrims wander in their great distress
- Amongst the wild rapacious Savages,
- In pathless Desarts, whero the midnight howls
- Of hungry Wolves mixt with the screech of Owls,
- And Ravens dismal croaks salute the Ears
- Of poor Erratick trembling Passengers.

B

‘So

Distressed Sion Relieved.

' So I'm surrounded, so the Beasts of prey
 ' Conspire to take my Life and Name away.
 ' My glowing Soul does melt, my Spirits faint
 ' For want of vent, I'm pregnant with complaint;
 ' No Age nor Generation but has known
 ' Some part of this my just and grievous moan,
 ' But now I'm far more dangerously charg'd
 ' By bolder Foes; my sorrows are enlarg'd,
 ' A Hellish Tribe of black *Avernus* Crew,
 ' Do Blood-hound like, me and my Lambs pursue.
 ' Lord Jesus come; O Christ, let me invoke,
 ' Thy sacred presence to divert the stroke.
 ' Have all my Friends forsook me? Are there none
 ' To ease my woes? Ah must I grieve alone?

Sion's Friend.

' What doleful noise salutes my listning Ear?
 ' What grief expressing voice is that I hear?
 ' Methinks the accent of this dismal cry
 ' Issues from one in great extremity;
 ' The shrilness of this mournful tone bespeaks
 ' A Womans loud and unregarded shrieks.
 ' The more her deep and piercing sighs I heed,
 ' The more my Heart in Sympathy does bleed.
 ' Ah! who can find her out? who can make known
 ' The Author of this Heart-relenting moan;
 ' Doubtless though sorrow now has seiz'd upon her,
 ' She is a Lady of high Birth and Honour,
 ' Of Royal Stom, extracted from above,
 ' Nurs'd in the Chambers of the Fathers Love,

: Espos

Distressed Sion Relieved.

‘ Espoused to a most Illustrious Prince,
‘ Who over all has Just Preheminence,
‘ Monarch of Monarchs !

‘ Ah Sion ! is it thou ?
‘ Oh mourn my Soul, Oh let my Spirit bow ;
‘ Let all that Love the Bridegroom sigh for grief,
‘ For Sion weeps as if past all relief ;
‘ But why, O Sion, (since thou art belov'd
‘ Of Heaven's Supream) art thou so sadly mov'd ?
‘ Why with stretcht Arms dost thou implore the Skies ?
‘ Why do such streams of Tears flow from thine Eyes ?
‘ This makes me wonder.

Sion.

‘ My forlorn Estate

‘ Is poor, unpitied, mean and desolate.
‘ I long have wandred in the Wilderness,
‘ Involv'd in trouble and in sore distress ;
‘ In Caves absconding from the horrid rage
‘ Of savage Beasts ; until this latter Age.
‘ Yet when I but attempted to look out,
‘ The Monsters to destroy me searcht about ;
‘ The roaring Bloud-hounds greedy on the scent,
‘ To kill or drive me back again are bent.
‘ No interval of peace, no rest they give,
‘ Pronounce me cursed, and not fit to live.
‘ The cruel Dragon joineth with the Beast
‘ To gore my sides, and spoil my Interest ;
‘ Th' old Lion, Lyonness, and the Lyons whelp,
‘ With dreadful Jaws the other Beasts do help.

Distressed Sion Relieved.

- ‘ Dogs, Bulls and Foxes, Bears and Wolves agree
 - ‘ To rend and tear, and make a spoil of me.
 - ‘ I that have been so delicately bred,
 - ‘ My Children at the Royal Table fed,
 - ‘ Am now expos’d to the Infernal spight
 - ‘ Of such who still in Fire and Blood delight.
 - ‘ Hatch Plots in Hell and *Rome*, whose black design
 - ‘ Is to stab Monarchs, and to undermine
 - ‘ Our Ancient Laws, subvert Religion, and
 - ‘ Bow *England*, Neck to Antichrist’s command.
 - ‘ These were Fore-runners of that dismal Doom
 - ‘ Of Fire and Faggot, which the Whore of *Rome*
 - ‘ Prepar’d for *English* Protestants, and the rest,
 - ‘ Who won’t adore the Image of the Beast.
 - ‘ I am the mark these Monsters aim at ; all
 - ‘ Their Grand Intrigues were to contrive my fall.
 - ‘ If Friends or Strangers any favour show,
 - ‘ They straight conspire to work their overthrow.
1678. ‘ Ah vile Conspiracy ! Ah cursed Plot !
- ‘ So deeply laid ; How canst thou be forgot ?
 - ‘ Th’ Infernal Conclave ne’re produc’d a Brat
 - ‘ Into the world so horrible as that,
 - ‘ Since *Rome* Usurpt the Western Monarchy,
 - ‘ Which she still Rules with Fraud and Treachery,
 - ‘ In forging Plots, employing Hellish Actors ;
 - ‘ Ah ! let us treat ‘um as the Devils Factors.
 - ‘ Distressed Sion ! O how few regard
 - ‘ My sighs and tears, their Hearts are grown so hard,
 - ‘ My restless Hurricanes with storms and wind,
 - ‘ No ease, no peace, no comfort can I find ;

‘ The

Distressed Sion Relieved.

7

'The horrid aspect of these Monsters do
'Affright my Children, some they worry too,
'Others they seize like greedy Beasts of prey,
'And to their Den the Sacrifice convey.
'Renowned GODFREY whose immortal Glory
'Martyr'd for me shall ever live in Story ;
'Let every Loyal Eye that reads it there,
'Yield to his name the Tribute of a Tear.
'Brave Soul ! thy Love and Loyalty do claim
'That King and People should proclaim thy name
'As *England's* Victim, ne're to be forgot,
'Fastning on *Rome* an Everlasting blot.
'The Great *Jehovah* who is only wise,
'Permits thy fall as a sweet Sacrifice.
'Thy barbarous Murder has made clearly out
'That Plot which none but Infidels now doubt.
'Those bloody Varlets, black Assassins,
'Curst Executioners of *Rome's* Debates,
'Drunk with Infernal cruelty, made thee
'A Specimen of *England's* Tragedy.
'By thee we learn what curtesie to hope
'From *Romish* Butchers, Vassals to the Pope
'Thou led'st the Van, first fell'st into the Trap
'From whence they hope't no Protestant should scape.
'Poor Innocent ! trepann'd amongst them came
'Into their Nets like a poor harmless Lamb,
'Whilst they like hungry Tygers ready stood
'T' imbrue their Tallons in thy guiltless Blood.
'Thou little dream'dst such an Infernal snare
'Had there been laid t' intrap thee unaware.

‘ ‘Tis strange (say some) what reason should ingage
 ‘ Them to make thee the Object of their rage ;
 ‘ Some think ’twas ’cause the *Babylonish Whore*,
 ‘ Big with a Bastard long’d as heretofore
 ‘ For Christian Blood ; Her Favourites made haste
 ‘ In her great need to help her to a taste
 ‘ Of choicest Liquors ; thine she calls for first,
 ‘ To cheer her sinking Heart, and quench her Thirst,
 ‘ Fearing miscarriage ; when her Spirits faint
 ‘ She drinks the Hearts blood of some Martyr’d Saint,
 ‘ Insatiate, like the Horse-leech still she cries,
 ‘ Give, give me that, there’s nought else will suffice
 ‘ My craving Paunch ; my pleasure must be done
 ‘ This Heretick was a Pragmatick one,
 ‘ He knew my secret Clubs, and would reveal
 ‘ My Tragick Plots ; we must prevent his Zeal,
 ‘ Let’s strangle him before he does relate
 ‘ The Villanies we intend to perpetrate.

‘ Ah brutish Whore, of Canibals the worst,
 ‘ For this curst draught be thou for ever curst ;
 ‘ In the most lasting Records let us see
 ‘ This horrid instance of thy cruelty.
 ‘ This Loyal Knight ne’re injur’d thee, but stood
 ‘ Upright for Justice, and his Countreys good.
 ‘ Will nought but Blood of Protestants give ease ?
 ‘ Or quench thy thirst ? What mischievous Disease
 ‘ Infects thy Bowels ? Must your Churches food
 ‘ Be Flesh of Saints ? Your Mornings draught their
 ‘ Fellonious Strumpet ! dar’st thou be so bold (Blood ?
 ‘ To steal by night into thy Neighbours Fold,

‘ And

‘ And seize my Lambs ? Thy Theft and Cruelty,
‘ And all thy Murders shall revenged be.
‘ But since he’s gone and Justice does pursue
‘ With eager steps the Assassinating Crew,
‘ We’l acquiesce ; for Heav’n now seems to call,
‘ And bid tears cease, at his sad Funeral.
‘ Let Christians offer through the Universe
‘ Whole Hecatombs upon his bleeding Herse.
‘ And could their tears increase into a Floud
‘ ’Twere no excess ; so much I prize his Bloud.

THus, thus did I in Eighty make sad moan

For that brave Hero who was dead and gone ;
But Oh my Heart ! —— A Cordial presently,
My Spirits faint ! Ah me ! Help Lord ! I die
Unless I have relief, I can’t sustain
My sinking Soul ! was ever any pain
Or sorrow equal to what I now feel ?
My burd’ned mind under her weight does reel.
Oh since that year what woes have I beheld !
How have my mournful Eyes with tears been fill’d ?
I then did fear what since is come to pass
As in that Treatise plainly hinted was.

Did *Rachel* mourn, and all’relief refuse,
How then can I forbear ? How can I chuse
But weep, and to lament for my sad Lot ?
What Children have I lost ? who now are not.
Did I for one such Lamentation make ?
My Bowels now may surely throb and ake,
When I recount how many since are gone,
Who murdered were by bloody Babylon.

1681. Poor Colledge first before this Idol fell,
 Betray'd to death by Evidence from Hell ;
 To drink his Blood there seem'd to be some strife,
 Was twice Indicted ; they must have his Life :
 Yet they could never shake his constancy,
 Hear his great Soul sing his own Elegy.

A Poem written by Mr. Stephen Colledge,
 a while before he was sent to Ox-
 ford, where he suffered Death, Aug.

31. 1681.

*Wrongful Imprisonment
 Hurts not the Innocent.*

What if I am into a Prison cast,
 By Hellish Combinations am betray'd ?
 My Soul is free although my Body's fast :
 Let them repent that have this evil laid,
 And of Eternal vengeance be afraid ;
 Though Racks and Gibbets can my Body kill,
 My God is with me, and I fear no ill.

What

Distressed Sion Relieved.

II

What boots the clamours of the giddy Throng?

What Antidote's against a poysous Breath?

What Fence is there against a Lying Tongue,

Sharpen'd by Hell to wound a man to Death?

Snakes, Vipers, Adders do lurk underneath:

Say what you will, or never speak at all,

Our very Prayers such Wretches Treason call.

But Walls and Bars cannot a Prison make,

The Free-born Soul enjoys its Liberty;

These clods of Earth it may incaptivate,

Whilst Heavenly Minds are conversant on high,

Ranging the Fields of Blest Eternity:

So let this Bird sing sweetly in my Breast,

My Conscience clear, a Rush for all the rest.

What I have done I did with good intent,

To serve my King, my Countrey, and the Laws;

Against the bloody Papists I was bent,

Cost what it will I'le ne're repent my Cause,

Nor do I fear their Hell-devouring Jaws;

A Protestant I am, and such I'le dye,

Maugre all Deaths, and Popish Cruelty.

But what need I these Protestations make,

Actions speak men far better than their words.

Whate're I suffer's for my Countrey's sake,

Not 'cause I had a Gun, or Horse, or Sword;

Or that my Heart did Treason e're afford;

No, 'tis not me (alone) they do intend,

But thousands more, to gain their cursed End.

And

And sure of this the World's so well aware,
 That here'tis needless more for me to say,
 I must conclude, no time have I to spare,
 My winged hours do fly too fast away,
 My (work) Repentance must I not delay,
 I'll add my Prayers to God for *England's* good ;
 And if he please will Seal them with my Blood.

*O Blessed God destroy this black design
 Of Popish Consults ! it's in thee we trust ;
 Our Eyes are on thee, help, O Lord, in time.
 Thou God of Truth, most Merciful and Just,
 Do thou defend us, or we perish must ;
 Save England, Lord, from Popish Cruelty,
 My Countrey bless, Thy will be done on me.*

Mans Life's a Voyage through a Sea of tears,
 If he would gain the Haven of his Rest ;
 His sighs must fill the Sails whilst some Men Steers.
 When Storms arise let each man do his best,
 And cast the Anchor of his hopes (opprest)
 Till Time or Death shall bring us to that Shore
 Where Time nor Death shall never be no more.

Lauds Deo. Amen.

*From my Prison in the Tower,
 August 15. 1681.*

Stephen Colledge.

Great

Great *Essex* ! Ah thy groans methinks I hear !
What ne're a Friend ? hadst thou not one Friend near ?
None, none to help ; in vain it was to cry
When there were none but Savage Monsters nigh.

Since thy great Soul could not inticed be,
Nor wouldst conceal their cursed cruelty,
They make a bloody Tragedy of thee.

Surpriz'd, lest all should be discovered
Unto this Dev'lsh Policy they were led ;

And to conceal their horrid Plot they try
Those wicked Arts, which do it justifie
Confirming it to all Posterity.

Though thy Assassins like men appear,
Their curst attempt shew'd least of man was there,
Incarnate Devils certainly they were.

Ah cruel Tyrants ! destitute of shame,
To murder bo'st thy Body and thy Name.

Could not thy Blood their hellish thirst suffice ?
But must thou die a double Sacrifice ?

What ! cut thy Throat with such barbarity,
And when thy Sovereign also was so nigh !
The Royal Prison, though a Tower strong,
Was no defence nor refuge to thee long.

Thou careful wast how to preserve thy life,
And yet didst fall by a curst Romish Knife.

Thy Head almost cut off ; and yet they cry
That thy own hands did act the Tragedy ;
But now we hope it plainly will appear,
Who the vile Actors ; who the Murderers were.

Distressed Sion Relieved.

May I not borrow now (as many do)
 Some proper lines, made on an *Essex* too.
 Shall such a Noble Peer fall thus by *Rome*?
 And shall I not drop tears upon his Tomb?
 Shall none who loved him, move for a Vote?
 Ye Lords and Commons, ye are bound to do't.
 A Vote that all on that same day o' th' year
 On which he fell shall mourn, or shed a tear,
 Or else be judg'd a Papist? It were wise
 T' erect an Office in my Childrens Eyes,
 For issuing forth a constant sum of tears,
 There's no way else to pay him his Arrears,
 And when we've drein'd this Ages Eyes quite dry,
 Let him be wept the next in History.

1683. Renowned Great Lord *Russel* next, I see
 Is markt out for this direful Tragedy,
 Scarce had I dry'd mine Eyes for loss of one,
 But they another Hero fall upon.
 A braver Lord scarce ever lost his Head;
 Nay few like him hath *England* ever bred.
 From a most Noble Stem he did Spring forth,
 And had a Spirit suited to his Birth.
 Had I not wept so many tears before,
 For him whole Rivers from mine Eyes might pour.
 Had I an Helicon in either Eye,
 The thoughts of *Russel* soon may draw them dry.
 Great Soul! too great for our inferior praise,
 You for your self the Noblest Trophies raise.
 Your Love to *Sion*, and your Native Land
 Shall mention'd be, ev'n while the Earth doth stand.

My loss and *England's* too who shall repair ?
Great God ! his hardned Enemies do not spare ;
'Twas by the Blood of these Great Men I see
England was freed from *Rome's* curst Tyranny.

T'avoid the *Odium* of their cursed Plot,
Which notwithstanding ne're will be forgot,
Another was contriv'd, wherewith they thought
The innocent to insnare, who should be brought
Thereby to ruin ; and then hop'd to see
Sion and her best Friends would ruin'd be ;
This was the Second part of *Rome's* design
To work the overthrow of me and mine,
And these two Champions standing in their way
With bloudy hands they villainously slay.

The first inhumanely was Murdered,
The other they did publickly Behead.
They charged him indeed with odious Crimes,
(And many others too, in those black times :)
Crimes he to th' last did utterly deny,
Whose Noble Soul their malice did defie, . }
But Villains swore, and he alas must die. }

O Heav'n and Earth be ye astonished !
How fain would they have struck off my poor Head,
Yet of my Blood that they themselves might clear,
Good Protestants the scandal on't must bear.

1683. *Sydney*, dear *Sydney* treacherously fell,
Whom I esteem'd a Prince in *Israël* ;
Those Laws that were intended for defence,
Were wrested so thou couldst not have from thence

Any

Any relief, but thou must likewise dye,
Although on thee no guilt at all did lye,
Jury and Judge dealt so inhumanely.

What hadst thou done? what cause of death in thee?
For *Sion* twas; 'twas for thy Love to me.

Thy Principles were such, Hell could not bear
The thoughts thereof, though publisht they ne're were.
Thou wast too Just, and hadst such piercing Eyes,
Those Hellish Statesmen doubted a surprize,
And therefore made thee a third Sacrifice.

1684. By Popish Arts many more ruin'd were,
Poor *Holloway* likewise fell into the snare;
B'ing from th' Western World a Prisoner brought,
By those who fiercely his destruction sought;
Who at the place of Execution
Delivered his Bible unto one
Of his Relations, wherein he had writ
The following lines, which I do here transmit.

' Owner hereof prize this, and bless the Lord
' That yet to *England* doth his Word afford;
' Had I liv'd longer, hopes I should have had
' T' have seen times mend, but now expect them bad;
' Truth will not do, for much of it I wrote,
' And for't I die much rather than the Plot.
' Did you know all, you'd say I did my part.
' To free you from designed Popish smart.

And now alas! behold my dismal case,
Great Flouds of sorrow follow on apace.
Many Religious, Pious Men of worth
Are rendred vile, not fit to live on Earth.

Observe Rome's policy, who contriv'd it so
That Protestants should Protestants undo.
Conscience must now be basely shackled
Against its Light impos'd on, and misled,
And truckle like a Slave unto all those
Who did Christ's Regal power in man oppose :
Either their Consciences must wounded lye
Under despair for their Apostacy ;
Or if they were resolved, and sincere,
They loss of Goods, Contempt and Scorn must bear ;
Be sent to noisom Jayls, or to Exile,
Which many chose, rather than to defile
Their precious Souls, and treacherously disown,
Or yield the power of Christs righteous Throne
Up to Usurpers, who audaciously
Cry, *All is Cæsar's due*, and so deny
God over Conscience has the Sovereignty.

No wonder they Laws violently break down ;
That all our Civil Rights are overthrown.
That our Just Properties they take away,
And our most Ancient Liberties betray.
Since they the Glorious Monarchy of Heav'n
Do now Invade, and strive to have it given
Into their hands that they may tread it down,
And impudently cry, *All is their own*.
Grand Rebels! what, attempt the Right of God ?
Do you not fear his dreadful Iron Rod ?
Would you Dethrone him? would your hellish spite
Deprive both God and Man of their just Right?

This

This you design'd (although in vain) to do,
And Christ's blest Kingdom fain would overthrow.

One while they cry, *Conscience to them must bend,*
Another time, *Christ's Right: they did defend.*
When it did seem to favour their design,
Conscience in all its rights they undermine,
But when they found 'twould with their Interest stand,
And with th' Intrigues that they then had in hand,
They cry, Nought's juster than that all men do
To others as they would be done unto.

But to return; nothing for many years
Is seen but Persecution, Bloud and Tears.
No Liberty at all Conscience must have,
But the Dissenters Prison proves his Grave,
Where hundreds of them lay long buried,
Whilst others of their Goods were plundered.
Many in filthy Jayls so long did lye,
That poysoned with the stench they there did dye.
Law and Religion both were trampled down,
And most good men term'd *Enemies to the Crown.*
Charters of Towns and Cities ta'ne away,
That Popery and Slavery might bear sway.
No Stone was left unturn'd, whereby they might
Bring on poor *England* an Eternal Night
Of Popish darkness; many therefore fled,
Whilst others were strangely dis-spirited.
Divers good Magistrates were laid aside,
And wicked men for Judges they provide,
Void of all fear of God, who any thing
Would give for Law, they thought would please the (King,
Did

Did a Dissenter Law or Justice crave ?
He's branded for a Rascal, Rebel, Slave.

Yet many men so strangely blinded were,
They could not see, though things appear'd so clear,
Because that King a Protestant was thought,
Matters by him so cunningly were wrought,
And carried on ; but when he came to fall,
All things were plain and bare-fac't unto all ;
For the next King his Visage did lay down,
And publickly himself a Papist own ;
And I likewise more clearly did espy
My dreadful danger then approaching nigh :
The Popish Plot under a Cloud was hid,
(And a Sham Plot contrived in its stead.)
Though own'd by three Successive Parliaments ;
Yet all's denied by Romish Innocents.
Those Jesuits who hang'd for Treason were,
Themselves free from all guilt or crime declare,
As th' unborn Child ; nor is this strange, since they
A Dispensation have, That they may say
Whatever will preserve their Cause from blame,
And Holy Church secure from her just shame.

1685. Therefore is Dr. Oates brought on the Stage,
Degraded and expos'd to brutish rage,
They on his Back their cruel strokes do lay,
Whereby their Hellish Plot they stifle may ;
Yet let them whip and lash him till he die,
And practise all their Romish cruelty,
None of his Evidence he can deny. } }

'Tis to his Honour and Immortal praise,
And to his name it will high Trophies raise:
Those many hundred stripes laid on by *Rome*
Are as so many Monuments become,
More great and lasting than a Marble Tomb.

Poor *Dangerfield*! courageous and bold,
Whom *Rome's* Incendiaries never could
By horrid threats or subtle flattery,
Prevail upon to gainsay, or deny
What he of their Intrigues did testifie.
Unto a cruel whipping they him doom,
Which yet could not his Fortitude o'recome.
'Twould pierce ones Heart to think what miseries
He suffered from his bloody Enemies ;
And though perhaps not well prepar'd to die,
Yet he must fall by *Romish* Tyranny,
A Villain in the midst of all his pain,
Stabbing his tender Eye out with a Cane,
Which pierc't so deep he in great torments lay,
That never ceast, till Death took him away.

The Fence b'ing thus thrown down the ravenous
Rush in, and of poor Innocents make Feasts. (Beasts
Wild Boars and Bears, yea Wolves and Tygers, strive
All to destroy, and leave no Lambs alive.
Religion, Laws, though all good mens great care,
Yea, and mens precious Lives, they did not spare;
That *England* seem'd as if it were become
A Scene of misery, and a prey to *Rome*.
And what could *Sion* do ? Alas, poor I
Bewail'd my state, but saw no comfort nigh ;

Yea,

Yea, my poor Children about me hung,
B'ing hardly able to endure the wrong,
And sharp Assaults of those fierce Fiends of Hell,
Yet knew not how their malice to repel.

About this time i'th' West there did appear
Some unto whom their Countrey was most dear,
Striving to free it ; but mistook the time,
And Person too, who Landed then at *Lyme* :
A Man belov'd ; but not the Instrument
God chosen had ; and now to us hath sent
To save our Land, and *Sion*, from that blow,
Which would have been to both an overthrow.

1685. But of my joys I must forbear to sing,
A doleful noise seems in my Ears to ring,
And still grows louder ; sure 'tis from the West ;
What's that I see ? a cruel savage Beast !
A Man? no sure a Monster ; though he came
Of Humane Race, he don't deserve that name,
A cursed Spirit of th' Infernal Legion,
A Lord Chief Justice of the Lower Region.

I cannot rest, hot strugling rage aspires,
And fills my Free-born Soul with Noble Fires.
My Muse soars high, and now she doth despise
What e're below attempts to Tyrannize.

Ah ! but again she faints ; how shall I tell
What to those poor mistaken Souls befel.
The dismal news of Rapine, Spoil, and Blood
Shed in those Parts, which ran ev'n like a Flood,
Works strange Effects in my afflicted Soul,
For grief my Bowels do within me rowl.

In biting Satyr I could even contemn,
That Villanous Judge who Innocents did condemn ;
Who on the Bench did nought but what he knew
Would gratifie the bloody Popish Crew.

Though nature seems assistance to refuse,

Revenge and Anger both inspire my Muse.

Shall the Wretch live ? why is he spar'd so long ?
Justice seems to complain of having wrong ;
Th' Infernal Dæmons, angry seem to say,
Dead or alive we him will fetch away,
And at his stay they all seem to repine,
That to their vengeance we don't him resign.

But Ah ! his Blood can never recompence
His ruining so many Innocents.

And it may seem the wonder of the time,
And some are apt to think, may be a crime,
That we no more regard their memory,
Who for their Countries welfare dar'd to dye.
Poor Hearts ! who seeing we were drawing nigh
To Vassalage and ROMISH Tyranny,
Resolv'd to save Religion and the Laws,
But mist ; and fell into this Tygers Claws,
Whose mind upon the prey was wholly bent,
Pitying none, though ne're so Innocent ;
But like an hungry Wolf, or furious Bear
Without remorse the harmless Lambs did tear.
No time of preparation would he give
To many ; nor Petitions would receive.
Nor would he hear their Wives and Childrens cry,
But scoff and laugh at them in misery ;

And

And though they pity beg'd with sighs and groans,
 He was relentless to their tears and moans,
 Beg'd that distressed Widdows he'l not make,
 But save their Husbands lives for Jesus sake.
 It being plain, most of those who were there,
 Designed well, though taken in a snare.

But with what rage did he upon them fall,
 Swearing, *He'd make examples of' um all,*
Cry'd, On that Sign-post take and hang them up,
The Rogues shall all taste of this bitter Cup :
 Whereby this bloody Wretch destroyed more
 In a few Weeks, than Bonner did before
 In full three years, many as faithful men
 As suffered by Popish fury then.
 He hang'd 'um up by two, by three, b_y seven,
 Whose Blood aloud for vengeance cries to Heav'n.
 Their Bodies likewise cut to pieces were,
 Their Quarters hang'd o'th' Hedges here and there.
 Their Flesh was given to be Meat for Crows,
 And all because they Antichrist oppose ;
 And were resolv'd never to bend the Knee
 To Images, nor turn to Popery ;
 Nor ever Slaves or Vassals to become
 Unto the Pope, and Scarlet Whore of *Rome* ;
 Whom Christ commands (*his Saints, so to reward*
As she has done to them) in's Holy Word.
 Their ends were right, but they mistook their call,
 And therefore God did suffer them to fall ;
 They did disdain those Yokes with generous scorn,
 Which were by other servile Spirits born.

‘They saw the threatening Storm approach from far,
 ‘Fearing a thousand mischiefs worse than War,
 ‘And therefore rushing on th’ impetuous waves,
 ‘Would rather die like Men than live like Slaves.
 ‘To save Me and the Land they bravely try’d,
 ‘Fail’d in th’ attempt, and then as bravely dy’d,
 ‘In vain would envious Clouds their Fame obscure,
 ‘Which to Eternal Ages shall endure.
 ‘If ill design’s some to the Battel drew,
 ‘Must all be scandalized for a few?
 ‘If fawning Traytors in their Councils late
 ‘Tis base to mock, rather lament their Fate.
 ‘Though Heav’n for *England’s* Sins refuse to bless
 ‘Their great Design with the desir’d success,
 ‘Tis an unequal, brutish Argument,
 ‘Always to judge the cause by the event;
 ‘Thus the unthinking giddy multitude,
 ‘An Innocent may Criminal conclude.

But woe to those who in cold Blood did kill,
 And thereby did their own revenge fulfil.
 The High-ways like a Slaughter-house became,
 Or bloody Shambles, to their Enemies shame;
 What multitudes of men did they destroy
 And hang on Trees, which did so much annoy
 The People round about, it made them cry,
 O *Lord defend us from Rome’s cruelty.*

But this Relation gives me little ease,
 I must some other way seek to appease
 My overflowing Passion; therefore I
 Some of those Hero’s Names cannot pass by

Until I drop some tears upon their Hearse,
That the next Age may mourn for them in Verse.

Brave Colonel *Holmes*, Wise, Valiant and Sincere,
Who didst to *Sion* true affection bear,
Thy worthy Name shall not forgotten be,
But shall recorded be in History

To after Ages ; nor can thy Arrears
Be duly paid without a Flood of tears.

Great Soul ! thy Life thou seemedst to despise,
Rather than ask it of thine Enemies.

Much less didst thou in any sort incline
Others to charge, to save that Life of thine.
How didst thou grieve and publickly bewail
Thy undertaking should so strangely fail ?
But yet Prophetically didst Divine,
It would revive again in little time,
Though by what means it brought about should be,
It was impossible thou couldst then fore-see,
And thy Prediction now is come to pass,
Though by thy Foes it then contemned was.

And now the sad Spectators wondring saw,
The Horses long refuse the Sledge to draw ;
The poor dumb Beasts by Heavens Instinct are
Made sharp Reprovers, whilst the lash they bear ;
And seem to say, *These men are innocent,*
They must not die, God will not give consent,
And therefore he doth strangely us restrain
From drawing them, though lash and lash again.
What other voice there was I cannot see
In this amazing wondrous Prodigy.